

THE
ODES *and* SATIRES, &c
OF
HORACE,

That have been done into *English* by the
most Eminent Hands,

VIZ.

Lord Rochester,	}	Mr. Congreve,
Lord Roscommon,		Mr. Prior,
Mr. Cowley,		Mr. Maynwaring,
Mr. Otway,		<i>And several others.</i>

WITH HIS
A R T of *P O E T R Y*,
By My Lord ROSCOMMON.



L O N D O N :

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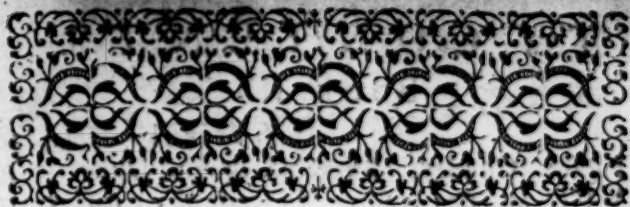


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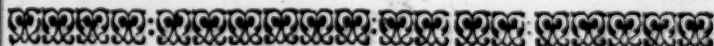
Od
II.
IV.
Ibid
Ib.
VII
X.
Ibid
Ibid



The CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

Ode.	Ibid. <i>imitated</i> —	20
I. B y Mr. Horneck, Pa. 1	XIII. By Mr. Glanvil,	21
II. By Mr. Mayn- waring,	XIX. By Mr. Congreve,	23
III. <i>Inscrib'd to the Earl of</i> Roscommon,	XXII. By the Lord Roscom- mon,	24
IV. By the E. of Rochester,	Ibid. <i>Imitated by the same</i> <i>Hand,</i>	25
V. By Mr. Cowley,	Ibid. By Mr. Yalden,	27
The same by Mr. Horneck,	XXVIII. <i>Imitated by Mr.</i> <i>Prior,</i>	29
VI. By Sir Rich. Steele,	XXIX. By Mr. Wm. Dun- comb,	33
IX. By Mr. Congreve,		
The same by another Hand,		



BOOK II.

Ode.	XII. By Mr. Glanvil,	61
II. I mitated by Mr. Prior,	XXII.	63
III.	XIV. <i>Imitated by Mr. Con-</i> <i>greve,</i>	65
IV.	Ibid. By another Hand,	68
Ibid. By Mr. Duke,	XV. By Mr. Chetwood,	69
Ib. <i>Imitated by Mr. Yalden,</i>	XVI. By Mr. Otway,	71
VIII. By Mr. Duke,	Ibid. By another Hand,	73
X. By Mr. Norris,	Ibid. <i>Imitated by Mr. J.</i> <i>Hughs,</i>	76
Ibid. By another Hand,		
Ibid. By another		

BOOK

The CONTENTS.

BOOK III.

Ode.		Ibid. <i>By another Hand</i> ,	102
I. B Y Mr. Cowley,	85	Ibid. <i>By Mr. Duke.</i>	104
III. <i>Imitated by Mr.</i>		XVI. <i>By Mr. Cowley,</i>	106
Wallh,	83	XXIX. <i>Part of it by Dr.</i>	
Ibid. <i>By another Hand,</i>	87	Pope.	109
<i>Another of the same,</i>	92	Ibid. <i>Part of it by the Late</i>	
IV. <i>By the L. Roscommon,</i>	96	D. of Buckingham,	110
VII. <i>Imitated by Mr. Step-</i>		Ibid. <i>By another Hand,</i>	111
ney,	99	Ib. <i>By Sir Wm. Temple,</i>	116
IX. <i>By the L. Rochester,</i>	101		

BOOK IV.

Ode.		Ibid. <i>By another Hand</i> ,	126
IV. I NSCRIB'D to the D. of		IX. <i>By Mr. Stepney,</i>	127
Marlborough,	121	Ibid. <i>By Mr. Manning,</i>	130
VII. <i>By Sir W. Temple,</i>	125		

E P O D E S.

I.	132	XV. <i>By Mr. Yalden,</i>	138
II.	134		

BOOK I.

Satire.			
I. B Y Mr. Horneck,	141	ford,	166
II. <i>By Mr. Staf-</i>		X.	169

BOOK I.

Epistle.		Ibid. <i>Paraphrased,</i>	162
II. P ART of it by Sir Wm.		XVIII.	165
Temple,	174	Ibid.	168
X.	175		
The Art of Poetry, by My Lord Roscommon,			177



HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE I.



Ount'ous *Mæneas*, Royal by Descent,
Guard of my Fame, and boasted Orna-
[ment.

SOME in the Ring delight to guide
[the Rein,

And drive the Char'ot thro' the dusty Plain,
Whilst glowing Wheels with Art the Goal decline,
And Palms of Triumph round the Hero twine,
Rival to Gods in Pomp, he's held divine.

The busy Candidate who Voices tries,
And on the giddy Rabble's Smiles relies,
Who undistinguish'd Favours lend to day,
To morrow with a Caprice vote away.

B

A

A Third, whose sole Ambition 'tis to till
With Spade or Plough, his small paternal Soil ;
Safe in the Granary has lodg'd his Corn,
From *Africk's* plent'ous Floors undamag'd born.
Were you to bribe them with the World's Command,
They'd never quit their golden Hopes on Land.

The Merchant, when the Eastern Sky's o'rcast,
Fearing the Hazards of the approaching Blast :
When struggling Currents swell the angry Tide,
Twist the stiff Plank, and rip the lab'ring Side.
Applauds the even Breezes of the Shore,
With th' humble Pleasures of his Country Store ;
Refits his shatter'd Hulk, and puts to Sea,
Untractable to slighted Poverty.

Others, in ample Bowls of *Massic* Juice,
Deceive the Day, and give their Cares a loose ;
Now at full length extended in the Shade,
Then to a sacred Spring recline their Head.

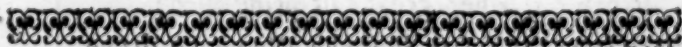
Many, to Glory bent, pursue the War,
Where the mixt Sound alarms and glads the Ear ;
Whilst the fond Mother dreads the bloody Scene,
And dreams of Fights the Youth was never in.

The eager Sportsman, when the Game's in view,
And the stanch Hounds to Bay the Stag pursue ;

Or the wild Boar the slender Toils has broke;
Defies the Cold, and the rude Winter's Stroke :
Whilst the young Bride at home neglected lies,
Wishing the Chace was nearer, by her Eyes.

My chieftest Pride's the Ivy's learned Wreath,
Which gain'd, will privilege my Verse from Death.
Disdain of Crowds, and Love of cool Retreat,
Where Nymphs and Satyrs frisk with nimble Feet.
Must still distinguish me amongst the Great.
If the kind Muses please to string my Lyre,
And tun'd with Artful Hand, soft Lays inspire.

But if *Mæcenæ*s grants the Lyrick Bays,
I'll soar above the Breath of Vulgar Praise.



ODE II.

By ARTHUR MAYNWARING, Esq;

1.

TOO long alas, with Storms of Hail and Snow,
Jove has chastis'd the World below !
Too long his flaming Arm has Lightning thrown,
And struck our blasted Temples down,
To terrify this guilty Town !

2.

Such Floods of Water have appear'd,
 The World a second Deluge fear'd,
 Like that when *Proteus* drove his scaly Flocks,
 To look for Safety on the Rocks.

When caught in Trees, where Birds no longer sung,
 Expiring Shoals of Fishes hung ;
 And ev'ry Creature of the Plain,
 At once was swimming in the dreadful Main.

3.

So have we seen destructive *Tiber* flow,
 And Monuments of Kings o'rethrow ;
 Nor ev'n from *Numa's* Fane retire,
 Nor fear to quench dread *Vesta's* Fire ;
 When mov'd by Tears which *Ilia* shed,
 (*Ilia* his Wife, who mourn'd our Monarch dead,
 When *Cesar* her great Offspring bled)
 Back from the *Tuscan* Shore his Waves he drove,
 With Passion greater than a Husband's Love ;
 And took too much revenge on *Rome*,
 Preserv'd by *Jove* for his superior Doom.

4.

Next, we are punish'd with a Civil War,
 For which we fatal Arms prepare,
 Those Arms that should have bravely kill'd
 The haughty *Persians* in some foreign Field ;
 Fought Battles here, and in succeeding Times,
 Our Youth will hear, astonish'd at our Crimes ;

That

I. *Lib. I.* *HORACE.* 5

That *Roman* Armies *Romans* slew ;
Our Youth, alas, will then be few.

5.

What God's Protection shall our People crave,
The falling State of *Rome* to save ?

What moving Song shall holy Maids prepare,
To whom will *Jove* the Power convey,
To expiate our Guilt away ?

Oh *Phæbus* hear our loud Complaints at last,
And to support this Empire haste,
With Clouds around thy glittering Shoulders cast !

6.

Or you, fair *Cyprian* Queen, descend,
You, whom Love and Joy attend ;
Or thou, O *Mars*, whose only Pleasures are
The Pomp of Arms, and the shrill Noise of War ;
To whom no Look so charming shews,
As the stern Frown of Soldiers, or their Foes ;
On thy neglected Race look down,
And spare our Blood descended from thy own :

For sure, our long unnatural Fights,
Give thee a surfeit of thy own Delights !

7.

Or, if 'tis you Bright *Hermes*, that appear
Form'd in the Shape of young *Augustus* here,
Pleas'd to be call'd th' Avenger of our Guilt,
For *Cæsar's* Blood, with Horror spilt ;

B 3

Late

Late may you go to Heav'n again,
 And long o're *Romans* happy reign;
 Nor at our Crimes offended fly
 Too soon from hence to bless your native Sky.
 Here rather still Great Triumphs love;
 Here your just Titles still approve;
 Be still call'd Prince and Father of our Land,
 Nor let our Foes insult, while you our Troops command.



ODE III.

Inscrib'd to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, on his intended Voyage to Ireland.

SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
 And the Twin Stars (the Seed of Jove)
 And he, who rules the raging Wind
 To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,
 And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
 Supplying soft *Elysian* Gales;
 As thou to whom the Muse commends,
 The best of Poets and of Friends,
 Dost thy committed Pledge restore
 And land him safely on the Shore;
 And save the better part of me,
 From perishing with him at Sea.

Lib. I. *H O R A C E.*

7
2
3

Sure he, who first the Passage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his side!
Or his at least, in hollow Wood,
Who tempted first the briny Flood:
Nor fear'd the Winds contending roar,
Nor Billows beating on the Shore;
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What form of Death cou'd him affright,
Who unconcern'd with stedfast sight,
Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,
And Monsters rolling in the deep;
Cou'd thro' the Ranks of Ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wise Command,
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main:
Th' eternal Fences over leap;
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No Toyl, no Hardship can restrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to Pain;
The more confin'd the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies.
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,
And stole from Heaven the Seed of Fire;

A Train of Ills, a Ghastly Crew,
 The Robber's blazing track pursue ;
 Fierce Famine, with her Meager Face,
 And Fevers of the fiery Race,
 In Swarms th' offending Wretch surround,
 All brooding on the blasted Ground :
 And limping Death lash'd on by Fate
 Comes up to shorten half our date.
 This made not *Dedalus* beware,
 With borrow'd Wings to Sail in Air :
 To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,
 Plung'd thro' the Lake and snatch'd his Prey.
 Nay, scarce the Gods, or Heavenly Climes
 Are safe from our audacious Crimes ;
 We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
 And pull the unwilling Thunder down.



ODE IV.

By the E— of R—.

CONquer'd with soft and pleasing Charms,
 And never failing Vows of her Return,
 Winter unlocks his frosty Arms
 To free the joyful Spring ;
 Which for fresh Loves with youthful Heat does burn ;

Warm

Warm South-winds court her, and with fruitful Showers
Awake the drowsie Flowers,
Who haste and all their sweetness bring
To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping White is seen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleasant Green,
And only fragrant Dews now fall :
The Ox forsakes his once warm Stall
To bask i'th' Sun's much warmer Beams ;
The Plowman leaves his Fire and his Sleep,
Well pleas'd to whistle to his lab'ring Teams ;
Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to's frisking Sheep.
Nay, tempted by the smiling Sky
Wreckt Merchants quit the Shore,
Resolving once again to try
The Wind and Sea's Almighty Power ;
Choosing much rather to be Dead than Poor.

Upon the flowry Plains,
Or under shady Trees,
The Shepherdesses and their Swains
Dance to their rural Harmonies ;
Then steal in private to their covert Groves,
Their finish their well heighten'd Loves.
The City Dame takes this pretence
(Weary of Husband and of Innocence)
To quit the Smoke and Business of the Town,

And

And to her Country-House retires,
Where she may bribe, then grasp some Country Clown,
Or her appointed Gallant come
To feed her loose Desires;
Whilst the poor Cuckold by his Sweat at home
Maintains her Lust and Pride,
Blest as he thinks with such a beauteous Bride.

Since all the World's thus gay and free,
Why should not we ?
Let's then accept our Mother Nature's Treat,
And please our selves with all that's sweet ;
Let's to the shady Bowers,
Where Crown'd with gaudy Flowers,
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding Hours.
Trust me, *Thyrsis*, the grim Conquerer Death
With the same freedom snatches a King's Breath.
He hurdles the poor fetter'd Slave,
To's unknown Grave.

Tho' we each Day with cost repair,
He mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care ;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the strong,
And he that lives the longest dies but young ;
And once depriv'd of Light

We're wrapt in Mists of endless Night,
Once come to those dark Cells, of which we're told
So many strange romantick Tales of old
(In things unknown Invention's justly bold)

No more shall Mirth and Wine

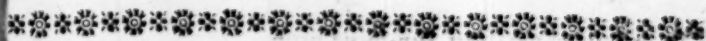
Our Loves and Wit refine.

No more shall you your *Phyllis* have,

Phyllis so long you've priz'd :

Nay she too in the Grave

Shall lie like us despis'd.



ODE V.

Imitated.

I.

TO whom now, *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?

To what Heart-ravish'd Lover,

Dost thou thy golden Locks unbind ;

Thy hidden Sweets discover,

And with large Bounty open set

All the bright Stores of thy rich Cabinet?

2.

Ah, simple Youth, how oft will he

Of thy chang'd Faith complain ?

And his own Fortunes find to be

So airy and so vain :

Of so *Camelion-like* an hue,

That still *their Colour* changes with it too ?

3.

How oft, alas, will he admire
 The Blackness of the Skies ?
 Trembling to hear the Winds sound higher,
 And see the Billows rise :
 Poor unexperienc'd he,
 Who ne'er, alas, before, had been at Sea !

4.

He enjoys thy calmy *Sun-shine* now,
 And no Breath stirring hears ;
 In the clear Heaven of thy Brow,
 No smallest Cloud appears.
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the *faisblefs April* of thy May.

5.

Unhappy ! Thrice unhappy *he*,
 T'whom *thou untry'd* dost shine !
 But there's no Danger now for *me*,
 Since o'er *Loretto's Shrine*,
 In witness of the *Shipwrack* past,
 My *Consecrated Vessel* hangs at last.



ODE V.

By Mr. HORNECK.

P*yrha*, what slender well-shap'd *Beau*,
 Perfum'd with Effence haunts thee now?
 And lures thee to some kind Recess,
 To sport on Rose-Beds sunk in Ease.
 Prithee what Youth would'st thou insnare,
 Artless and clean, with Flowing Hair?
 How oft will he have cause to mourn
 Thy broken Vows and *Cupid's* Scorn?
 Unskill'd as yet, he'd wond'ring spy,
 Fresh Tempests raging in that Eye,
 From whence he hop'd a Calmer Sky.
 Who now poor Gull enjoys the Bliss,
 Thinks you divine and solely his:
 Born down the Tide with easy Sail,
 Little suspects an Adverse Gale,
 Thrice wretched they who feel thy Darts,
 Whilst Strangers to thy coquet Arts!
 My Garments in the Fane display'd,
 As Trophies that my Vows are paid,
 Own the Great Ruler of the Sea,
 Author of my Delivery.



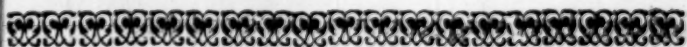
ODE VI.

Apply'd to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

By Captain R—— S——

Should *Addison's* immortal Verse
 Thy Fame in Arms, Great Prince, rehearse,
 With *Anna's* Lightning you'd appear,
 And glitter o'er again in War:
 Repeat the proud *Bavarian's* Fall,
 And in the *Danube* plunge the *Gaul*.
 'Tis not for me thy Worth to shew,
 Or lead *Achilles* to the Foe.
 Describe stern *Diomed* in Fight,
 And put the wounded Gods to flight.
 I dare not with unequal Rage,
 On such a mighty Theme engage;
 Nor fully in a Verse like mine.
 Illustrious *Anna's* Praise, and thine.
 Let the laborious *Epic* Strain
 In lofty Numbers sing the Man,
 That bears to distant Worlds his Arms,
 And frights the *German* with Alarms:
 His Courage and his Conduct tell,
 And on his various Vertues dwell:
 In trifling Cares my humble Muse
 A less Ambitious Tract pursues:

H. Instead of Troops in Battel mixt,
And Gauls with British Spears transfixt,
She paints the soft Distress and Mein
Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.
From the gay Noise, affected Air,
And little Follies of the Fair,
A slender stock of Fame I raise,
And draw from others Faults my Praise.



O D E IX.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

B Less me, 'tis cold! how chill the Air!
How naked does the World appear!
But see (big with the Off-spring of the North)
The teeming Clouds bring forth.
A Show'r of soft and fleecy Rain
Falls, to new cloath the Earth again.
Behold the Mountain-tops around,
As if with Fur of Ermins Crown'd:
And lo! how by Degrees
The universal Mantle hides the Trees,

In

In hoary Flakes which downward fly,
As if it were the *Autumn* of the Sky,
Whose Fall of Leaf would theirs supply :
Trembling, the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

2.

Diffusive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a Disease, through all its Veins 'tis spread,
And each late living Stream is num'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the *Air* ;
Let chearful Fires *Sol's* feeble Beams repair ;
Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine,
Let's Drink till our own Faces shine,
Till we like Suns appear,
To light and warm the Hemisphere.
Wine can disperse to all both Light and Heat,
They are with Wine incorporate :
That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,
Which still is fluid, and no Frost can fix ;
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
'Tis Heav'n's Concern, and let it be
The Care of Heaven still for me :
These Winds which rend the Oaks and plough the Seas,
Great *Jove* can, if he please,
With one commanding Nod appease.

3.

Seek not to know to Morrow's Doom ;

That is not ours, which is to come.

The present Moment's all our store :

The next, shou'd Heav'n allow,

Then this will be no more :

So all our Life is but one Instant *Now*.

Look on each Day you've past

To be a mighty Treasure won :

And lay each Moment out in haste ;

We're sure to live too fast,

And cannot live too 'soon.

Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,

Which from decrepit *Age* will fly ;

Sweets that wanton i'th' Bosom of the Spring.

In *Winter's* cold Embraces dye.

4.

Now, Love, that everlasting Boy, invites

To revel while you may, in soft Delights :

Now, the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,

Nor yields in vain to youthful *Arms*.

Slowly she promises at Night to meet,

But eagerly prevents the Hour with swifter Feet.

To gloomy Groves and obscure Shades she flies,

There veils the bright Confession of her Eyes.

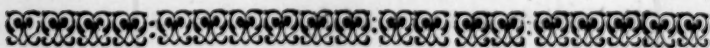
Unwillingly she stays,

Would more unwillingly depart,

C

And

And in soft Sighs conveys
 The Whispers of her Heart.
 Still she invites and still denies,
 And vows she'll leave you if you're rude;
 Then from her Ravisher she flies,
 But flies to be pursu'd:
 If from his Sight she does her self convey
 With a feign'd Laugh she will her self betray,
 And cunningly instruct him in the way.



ODE IX.

I.

Behold yon Mountain's hoary height,
 Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
 Again behold the Winter's weight
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
 And Streams with Icy Letters bound,
 Benum'd and cramp't to solid Ground.

2.

With well heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
 And feed the genial heat with Fires;
 Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires,
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth His Care, provide.

3. Let

3.

Let Him alone with what He made,
 To toss and turn the World below ;
 At His Command the Storms invade ;
 The Winds by His Commission blow ;
 Till with a Nod He bids 'em cease,
 And then the Calm returns, and all is Peace.

4.

To Morrow and her Works defy,
 Lay hold upon the present Hour,
 And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortunes Pow'r :
 Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,
 What e're thou get'st to Day is Gain.

5.

Secure those Golden early Joys,
 That Youth unfow'rd with Sorrow bears,
 E're with'ring time the taste destroys,
 With Sicknefs and unweildy Years !
 For active Sports, for pleasing rest,
 This is the time to be possest,
 The best is but in Season best.

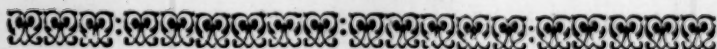
6.

The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,
 The pleasing Whisper in the Dark,
 The half unwilling, willing Kiss,
 The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark.

C 2

When

When the kind Nymph wou'd Coyneſs feign,
 And hides but to be found again,
 Theſe, theſe are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain,

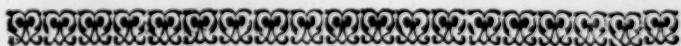


O D E IX.

Imitated.

Since the Hills all around do us Pennance in Snow,
 And Winter's cold Blaſts have benum'd us below;
 Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the ſame ſpeed,
 As Criminals move to'ards the Pſalm they can't Read:
 Throw whole Oaks at a time, nay, whole Groves on the
 To keep out the Cold, and new Vigor inſpire. (Fire,
 Ne'er waſte the dull time in impertinent Thinking,
 But urge and purſue the grand Buſineſs of Drinking.
 Come, pierce your old Hogſheads, ne'r ſtint us in Sherry,
 For this is the Season to drink and be Merry:
 That reviv'd by good Liquor, and Billets together,
 We may brave the loud Storms, and deſy the Cold
 (Weather.
 We'll have no more of Buſineſs; but, Friend, as you love us
 Leave it all to the Care of the Good Folks above us.
 Whilſt your Appetite's ſtrong, and good Humor remains,
 And active, briſk Blood does enliven your Veins,
 Improve the ſweet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,
 Let your Friend have the day, and your Miſtreſs the night
 In

In the Dark you may try, whether *Phillis* is kind,
 The Night for Intrigues was ever design'd :
 Though she runs from your Arms, and retires to a Shade,
 Some Friendly kind Sign, will betray the coy Maid ;
 All Trembling you'll find the poor bashful Sinner ;
 Such a Trespafs is Venial in any Beginner :
 But, remember this Counsel when once you have met her,
 Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something that's better.



O D E XIII.

By Mr. GLANVILL.

Cum Tu, Lydia, Telephi, &c.

1.

WHen happy *Strephon*'s too prevailing Charms,
 His rosie Neck, and his soft waxen Arms,
 Inhumane *Lydia* wantonly you praise,
 How cruelly my jealous Spleen you raise !
 Anger boils up in my hot lab'ring Breast,
 Not to be hid, and less to be suppress.

2.

Then 'twixt the Rage, the Fondness, and the Shame,
 Nor Speech, nor Thoughts, nor Looks remain the same.
 Fickle as my Mind my various Colour shews,
 And with my Tide of Passion ebbs and flows :

C 3

Tears

Tears stealing fall distill'd by soft Desire,
To shew the melting Slowness of the Fire.

3.

Ah! When I see that livid Neck betray
The Drunken Youth's too rudely wanton play;
When on those passive Lips the Marks I find
Of frantick boiling Kisses left behind;
I rave to think these cruel Tokens shew
Things I can not mistake, and would not know.

4.

How fond's the Hope, how foolish and how vain,
Of lasting Love, from the ungrateful Swain!
Who that soft Lip so roughly can invade;
Hurting with cruel Joy the tender Maid.
Quickly they're glutt'd who so fierce devour;
They suck the Nectar, and throw by the Flower.

5.

But oh! thrice happy they that equal move
In an unbroken Yoke of faithful Love!
Whom no Complaint, no Strife, no Jealousie
Sets from their gentle, grateful Bondage free;
But still they dear fast mutual Slaves remain,
Till unkind Death breaks the unwilling Chain.



O D E XIX.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Mater sava Cupidinum, &c.

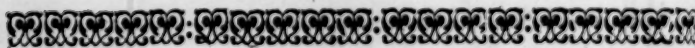
I.

THE Tyrant Queen of soft desires,
 With the resistless aid of sprightly Wine,
 And wanton Ease, conspires
 To make my Heart its Peace resign,
 And to admit Loves long rejected Fires.
 For beauteous *Glycera*, I burn;
 The Flames so long repell'd with double force return:
 Endless her Charms appear, and shine more bright
 Than polish'd Marble when reflecting Light;
 With winning Coyness, she my Soul disarms,
 And when her Looks are coldest, most she warms:
 Her Face darts forth a thousand Rays,
 Whose Lustre an unwary Sight betrays,
 My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

2.

She comes! She comes! she rushes in my Veins!
 At once all *Venus* enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her Abode is blest,
 I am her Palace, and her Throne my Breast.
 Of Savage *Scythian Arms* no more I write,
 Or *Partian Archers*, who in flying fight;

And make rough War their sport;,
 Such idle Themes no more shall move
 Nor any thing but what's of high Import;
 And what's of high import but love?
 Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf prepare;
 With Wine of two Years Old, your Cups be fill'd;
 After our Sacrifice and Pray'r,
 The Goddess may incline her Heart to yield.



O D E XXII.

By Lord RosCOMMON.

Integer Vita, &c.

Virtue, Dear Friend, needs no Defence,
 The surest Guard is Innocence:
 None knew till Guilt created Fear
 What Darts or poyson'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
 Through *Libian* Sands or *Scythian* Snows,
 Or where *Hydaspes* wealthy side,
 Pays Tribute to the *Persian* Pride.

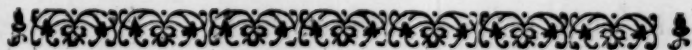
For as (by amorous Thoughts betray'd)
 Careless in *Sabine* woods I stray'd,
 A grisly foaming Wolf, unfed
 Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No Beast of more portentous Size,
In the *Hercinian* Forest lies;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Caribage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the Remotest Place,
That *Neptune's* frozen Arms embrace,
Where angry *Jove* did never spare
One Breath of Kind and Temp'rate Air.

Let me, where on some pathless Plain,
The swarthy *Africans* complain,
To see the Char'ot of the Sun
So near the scorching Country run.

The Burning Zone, the Frozen Isles,
Shall hear me sing of *Celia's* Smiles,
All Cold but in her Breast I will despise,
And dare all Heat but that of *Celia's* Eyes.



ODE XXII.

Imitated by the same Hand.

I.

Virtue (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms but its own Innocence ;

Quivers

Quivers and Bows, and poison'd Darts,
Are only us'd by Guilty Hearts.

2.

An Honest Mind safely alone,
May travel thro' the Burning Zone;
Or thro' the deepest *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

3.

While rul'd by a resistless Fire,
Our great † *Orinda* I admire.
The hungry Wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

4.

Set me in the Remotest Place,
That ever *Nepsume* did embrace,
When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

5.

Leave me upon some *Lybian* Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

6.

The Magick of *Orinda's* Name
Not only can their Fierceness tame,
But if that mighty Word I once rehearse.
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

ODE

† Mrs. Catherine Phillips.

ODE XXII.

Imitated by Mr. THOMAS YALDEN.

I.

THE Man that's uncorrupt, and free from Guilt,
 That the Remorse of secret Crimes ne'er felt:
 Whose Breast was ne'er debauch'd with Sin,
 But finds all calm, and all at peace within:
 In his Integrity secure,
 He fears no Danger, dreads no Pow'r:
 Useless are Arms for his Defence,
 That keeps a faithful Guard of Innocence.

2.

Secure the happy Innocent may rove,
 The Care of ev'ry Pow'r above:
 Altho' unarm'd he wanders o'er
 The treacherous *Libia's* Sands, and faithless Shore.
 Tho' o'er th'inhospitable Brows
 Of savage *Caucasus* he goes:
 Thro' *Africk's* Flames, thro' *Scythia's* Snows,
 Or where *Hydaspes*, fam'd for Monsters, flows.

3.

For as within an unfrequented Grove,
 I tun'd my willing Lyre to love:
 With pleasing am'rous Thoughts betray'd,
 Beyond my Bounds insensibly I stray'd,

A Wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled from his defenceless Prey:
When I invok'd *Maria's* Aid,
Altho' unarm'd, the trembling Monster fled.

4.

Not *Daunia's* teeming Sands, nor barbarous Shore,
E'er such a dreadful Native bore:

Nor *Africk's* nursing Caves brought forth
So fierce a Beast, of so amazing Growth.
Yet vain did all his Fury prove,
Against a Breast that's arm'd with Love;
Tho' absent, fair *Maria's* Name
Subdues the Fierce, and makes the Savage tame.

5.

Commit me now to that abandon'd Place,
Whence cheerful Light withdraws it's Rays;
No Beams on barren Nature smile,
Nor fruitful Winds refresh th'intemp'rate Soil;
But Tempests, with eternal Frost,
Still rage around the gloomy Coast;
Whist angry *Jove* infests the Air,
And black with Clouds, deforms the sullen Year.

6.

Or place me now beneath the Torrid Zone,
To live a Borderer on the Sun:
Send me to scorching Lands, whose Heat
Guards the destructive Soil from Humane Feet.

Yet

Yet there I'll sing *Maria's* Name,
And sport, uninjur'd, midst the Flame :
Maria's Name ! That will create, even there,
A milder Climate, and more temperate Air.



O D E XXVIII.

Imitated by Mr. PRIOR.

*Te Maris & Terra numeroque carentis Arena
Menforem cohibent, Achyta, &c.*

SAY, dearest *Villiers*, poor departed Friend,
Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end ;
Say, what did all thy busie Hopes avail
That anxious thou from Pole to Pole did'st Sail,
E're on thy Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man ?
What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years ?
To wake e'er Morning Dawn to loud Alarms ;
And march 'till Close of Night in heavy Arms :
To scorn the Summers Suns, and Winters Snows ;
And search thro' every Clime thy Countries Foes ?
That thou might'st Fortune to thy side ingage,
That gentle Peace might quell *Bellona's* Rage ;
And *Anna's* Bounty crown her Soldier's hoary Age ?

}
}

In

In vain we know that free-will'd Man has pow'r,
 To hasten or protract th' appointed Hour.
 Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed :
 Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
 Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor mislead by Chance,
 Imperious Death directs the Ebon Lance ;
 Peoples great *Henry's* tombs, and leads up *Holben's* dance

Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
 Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage :
 For neither *William's* Pow'r, nor *Mary's* Charms
 Could or repel, or pacifie his Arms.
 Young *Churchill* fell as Life began to bloom ;
 And *Bradford's* trembling Age expects the Tomb.
 Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
 One Moment's Respite for the Learned Head.
 Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd ;
Mecenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde.
 And in their various Turns the Sons must tread
 Those gloomy Journies, which their Sires have led.
 The antient Sage, who did so long maintain,
 That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
 With all the Births and Deaths he had in store,
 Went out *Pythagoras*, and came no more.
 And modern *As* — whose capicious thought
 Is yet with stores of wilder Notions fraught ;
 Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting Breath,
 Which play'd so idly with the Darts of Death.

Some from the stranded Vessel force their Way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
Some who escape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave.
In Journies, or at Home, in War or Peace;
By Hardships many, many fall by Ease.
Each changing Season does it's Poison bring;
Rheums chill the Winter; Agues blast the Spring:
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, as the appointed Hour,
All act subservient to the Tyrant's Pow'r;
And when obedient Nature knows his Will,
A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill.

For restless *Proserpine* for ever treads
In Paths unseen o'er our devoted Heads;
And on the spacious Land and liquid Main
Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain;
Variety of Deaths confirm her endless Reign.

On curst *Piava's* Banks the Goddess stood,
Shew'd her dire Warrant to the rising Flood;
Then, whom I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal speed was urging his return;
In his dear Country to disperse his Care,
And arm himself by rest for future War:
To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,
And promise to their Joys his elder Years.

Oh! Destin'd Head! And oh! Severe Decree;
Nor native Country thou, nor Friend shalt see;

Nor

Nor War hast thou to wage, nor Year to come :
Impending Death is thine, and instant Doom!

Hark ! The imperious Goddess is obey'd,
Winds murmur, Snows descend, and Waters spread!
Oh ! Kinsman, Friend ! --- Oh ! Vain are all the Cries
Of humane Voice ! Strong Destiny replies ;
Weep you on Earth, for he shall sleep below ;
Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Who e're thou art, whom Choice or Business leads
To this sad River or the neighbouring Meads ;
If thou may'st happen on the dreery Shoars
To find the Object which this Verse depløres ;
Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand,
From the polluting Weed and common Sand ;
Lay the dead Heroe graceful in a Grave,
The only Honour he can now receive ;
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw,
And plant the Warriour Laurel o'er his Brow ;
Light lye the Earth, and flourish green the Bough.

So may just Heav'n secure thy future Life
From foreign Dangers, and domestick Strife :
And when th' infernal Judge's dismal Power,
From the dark Urn shall throw thy destin'd Hour ;
When yielding to the Sentence, breathless thou
And pale shalt lye, as what thou buriest now ;
May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
And equal Rites perform to that which once was thee

O D E XXIX.

Translated by Mr. W. DUNCOMB.

To ICCIUS a Philosopher.

Horace upbraids him with his Intention to quit
his Book, and the Study of Philosophy, for a
Military Life, out of an avaritious Temper.

ICCIUS, whose Breast th' Arabian Gold inspires,
From Lufts of happy Wealth, with Martial Fires;
Who boldly now designs to take the Field,
Against *Sabeen* Kings, unknowing yet to yield;
And proudly meditat'ft the fullen *Mede*,
Thy Slave in Chains triumphantly to lead.
What Captive Dam'fel fhall thy Will obey,
For Husband flain, and own thy fov'reign Sway?
What spruce and courtly Youth, with Plaited Hair,
Shall at thy Board the brimming Goblet bear;
Skilful from his Hereditary Bow,
With finewy Force the *Parthian* Shaft to throw?
Who will deny, that Rivers may ascend,
And *Tiber's* rapid Current backward bend?
When you, who promis'd better things, prepare
A Captain's Equipage, and seek the War:
And change *Panætius* Books, with Care procur'd,
And *Xenophon* and *Plato* for the Sword.



HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE II.

Imitated by Mr. PRIOR.

Written in the Year 1692.

OW long deluded *Albion* wilt thou lye
In the lethargic Sleep, the sad Repose;
By which thy close, thy constant Enemy,
Has softly lull'd thee to thy Woes?
Or wake degenerate Isle, or cease to own
What thy old Kings in *Gallick* Camps have done;
The Spoils they brought thee back, the Crowns they

[won.]

William

William, (so Fate requires) again is arm'd ;

Thy Father to the Field is gone :

Again *Maria* weeps her absent Lord ;

For thy Repose content to Rule alone.

Are thy enervate Sons not yet alarm'd ?

When *William* Fights, dare they look tamely on,

So slow to get their ancient Fame restor'd,

As not to melt at Beauty's Tears, nor follow Valour's

2.

[Sword ?

See the repenting Isle awakes,

Her vicious Chains the generous Goddess breaks :

The Fogs around her Temples are dispell'd ;

Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd *Belgia* stand

Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command ;

Her Lions roaring by her Side, her Arrows in her Hand

And blushing to have been so long with-held,

Weeps off her Crime, and hastens to the Field.

Henceforth her Youth shall be inur'd to bear

Hazardous Toil and active War :

To march beneath the Dog-star's raging Heat,

Patient of Summer's Drought, and martial Sweat ;

And only grieve in Winter's Camps to find

It's Days too short for Labours they design'd :

All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to watch,

All Day to mount the Trench, to Storm the Breach ;

And all the rugged Paths to tread

Where *William* and his Virtue lead.

3.

(a) Silence is the Soul of War ;
 Deliberate Counsel must prepare
 The mighty Work which Valour must compleat :
 Thus *William* rescu'd, thus preserves the State ;
 Thus teaches us to think and dare :
 As whilst his Canon just prepar'd to breath
 Avenging Anger and swift Death,
 In the try'd Metal the close Dangers glow,
 And now too late the dying Foe
 Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow.
 So whilst in *William's* Breast ripe Counsels lye,
 Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
 No more of his Design appears.
 Than what awakens *Gallia's* Fears.
 And (tho' Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted *Lewis* can descry
 Only a long unmeasur'd Ruin nigh.

4.

On *Norman* Coasts, and Banks of frighted *Seine*,
 Lo the impending Storms begin !
Britannia safely thro' her Master's Sea
 Plows up her victorious Way.
 The *French Salmoner* throws his Bolts in vain,
 Whilst the *True Thunderer* asserts the Main !

Tis

(a) *Est & fideli tuta Silentio*
Merces, &c.

'Tis done, to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire.

Swift Victory in vengeful Flames,

Burns down the Pride of their presumptuous Names :

They run to Shipwrack, to avoid our Fire,

And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast,

Are but sad Marks to shew the rest are lost.

All this the mild, the beauteous Queen has done,

And *William's* Softer Half shakes *Lewis'* Throne.

Maria does the Sea command,

Whilst *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arm by Land :

So, the Sun absent, with full Sway the Moon

Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone ;

So *Juno* thunders, when her *Jove* is gone.

Io Britannia ! Loose thy Ocean's Chains,

Whilst *Russel* strikes the Blow thy Queen ordains :

Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,

And bless the Counsel, and reward the Hand,

Io Britannia, thy *Maria* reigns.

5.

(a) From *Mary's* Conquests, and the rescu'd Main,

D 3

Let

(a) ——— *Illum ex Mœnibus hosticis,*

Matrona bellantis Tyranni

Prospiciens, & adulta Virgo

Suspirat, Eheu ! Ne rudis Agminum

Sponsus laceffat Regius asperam,

Tactu Leonem, quem cruenta

Per medias rapit Ira Cædes.

Let *France* look forth to *Sambre's* armed Shore,
And boast her Joy for *William's* Death no more.

He lives, let *France* confess the Victor lives :

Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
And spoke her Terror of his Life too plain.

The mighty Years begin, the Day draws nigh,
In which *that one* of *Lewis* many Wives,
Who by the baleful Force of guilty Charms,
Had long intrall'd him in her wither'd Arms,
Shall o'er the Plains from distant Tow'rs on high,
Cast around her mournful Eye,

And with prophetick Sorrow cry :

Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his Flight?

Why does Despair-provoke his Age to fight?

As well the Wolf may venture to engage

The angry Lyon's generous Rage :

The rav'nous Vultur, and the Bird of Night,

As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's Flight :

As Lewis to unequal Arms defy

Yon Hero, crown'd with blooming Victory.

Just triumphing o'er Rebel-rage restrain'd,

And yet unbreath'd from Battels gain'd.

See! All yon dusty Fields quite cover'd o'er

With hostile Troops, and Orange at their Head,

Orange destin'd to compleat

The great Designs of lab'ring Fate,

Orange! The Name that Tyrants dread :

He comes! Our ruin'd Empire is no more :

*Down like the Persian, goes the Gallick Throne
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on!*

6.

Now from the dubious Battel's mingl'd Heat,
(a) Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,
Impatient to secure a base Retreat:
Let the pale Coward leave his wounded King,
For the vile Privilege to breath,
To live with Shame in dread of glorious Death,
In vain; for Fate has Swifter Wings than Fear,
She follows hard, and sticks him in the Rear:
Dying and mad the Tyrant bites the Ground,
His Back transfix'd with a dishonest Wound;
Whilst thro' the fiercest Troops and thickest Press,
Virtue carries on Success;
Whilst equal Heaven guards the distinguish'd Brave,
And Armies cannot hurt, whom Angels save.

7.

(b) Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives
Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives *Æneis*

(a) *Dulce & decorum est pro Patriâ mori,
Mors & Eugacem prosequitur Virum,
Nec parcat imbellis Juventa,
Poplitibus timidoque Tergo.*

(b) *Virtus Repulsa nescia sordida
Intaminatis fulget Honoribus
Nec ponit aut sumit Secures
Arbitrio Popularis Auræ.*

D 4

Aeneas suffer'd, *Achilles* fought,
 The Hero's Acts enlarg'd the Poets Thought;
 Or *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Rage,
 Had ne'r, like lasting Nature vanquish'd Age:
 Whilst *Lewis* then his rising Terror drowns
 With Drums Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds,
 Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats, and guarded Towns,
 From Danger as from Honour free
 He bribes close Murder against open War:
 In vain you *Gallick* Muses strive
 With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive;
 Your mouldring Monuments in vain you raise
 On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise:
 Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are prophane,
 'Tis Incense to an Idol giv'n,
 Meat offer'd to *Prometheus'* Man,
 That had no Soul from Heav'n.
 Against his Will you chain your frightened King
 On Rapid *Rhine's* divided Bed
 And mock your Hero, whilst you sing
 The Wounds for which he never bled!
 Falshood does Poison on your Praise diffuse,
 - And *Lewis* Fear gives Death to *Boileau's* Muse.

8.

On it's own Worth true Majesty is rear'd,
 And Virtue is her own Reward,
 With solid Beams, and native Glory bright,
 She neither Darknefs dreads, nor covets Light;

True

True to her self, and fix'd to inborn Laws,
Nor sunk by Spite, nor lifted by Applause,
She from her settled Orb looks calmly down,
On Life or Death, a Prison or a Crown.

When, bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay,
To foreign Arms, and inward Strife a Prey;
Whilst one good Man buoy'd up her sinking State;
And Virtue labour'd against Fate:

When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's Mind:

When Storms let loose and raging Seas,
Just ready the torn Vessel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm;

Nor all the *Syren* Songs of future Peace,
And dazling Prospect of a promis'd Crown,
Could lure his stubborn Vertue down;
But against Charms, and Threats, and Hell he stood,
To that which was severely good;
Then had no Trophies justify'd his Fame,
No Poet blest'd his Song with *Nassau's* Name,
Vertue alone did all that Honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out the *King*,

As when he at the Altar stood,
In all his Types and Robes of Power;

Whilst at his Feet religious *Britain* bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

Say, joyful *Mæge*, and *Boyne's* victorious Flood
 (For each had mix'd his Waves with Royal Blood)
 When *William's* Armies past, did he retire,
 Or view from far the Battel's distant Fire ?
 Could he believe his Person was too dear ?
 Or use his Greatness to conceal his Fear ?
 Cou'd Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntless Hero move ?
 Arm'd with Heav'n's Justice, and his People's Love,
 Thro' the first Waves he wing'd his vent'rous Way,
 And on the adverse Shore arose
 (Ten thousand flying Deaths in vain oppose)
 Like the Great Ruler of the Day
 With Strength and Swiftneſs mounting from the Seas,
 Like him all Day he toil'd ; but long in Night
 The God had eas'd his weary'd Light,
 E're Vengeance left the stubborn Foes,
 Or *William's* Labours found Repose.
 When his Troops falter'd, slept not he between ;
 Restor'd the dubious Fight again ;
 Mark'd out the Coward that durst fly,
 And led the fainting Brave to Victory ?
 Still, as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
 Her doubtful Course, and brought her bleeding back ?
 By his keen Sword did not the Boldest fall ?
 Was he not King, Commander, Soldier, All — ?
 His Dangers such, as with becoming Dread,
 His Subjects yet unborn shall weep to read ;

And were not they the Only Days that e'er
The pious Prince refus'd to hear
His Friend's Advices, or his Subject's Pray'r.

10.

Where-e'er Old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,
Or fills his Vassal's tributary Urns;
To *Belgia's* fav'd Dominions and the Sea,
Whose righted Waves rejoice in *William's* Sway,
Is there a Town, where Children are not taught,
Here Holland prosper'd, for *here* Orange fought,
Thro' rapid Waters, and thro' flying Fire,
Here rush'd the Prince, *here* made whole France retire.

By different Nations be this Valour blest,
In different Languages confess'd,
And then let *Shannon* speak the rest;
Let *Shannon* speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,
When Conquest on his hov'ring Arms did wait,
And only ask'd some Lives to bribe her o're.

The Godlike Man, the more than Conqueror,
With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait,
And scorning Glory at a Price too great,
With so much Power such Piety did join,

As made a perfect Vertue soar,
A Pitch unknown to Man before,

And list'd *Shannon's* Waves o'er those of *Boyne*.

11.

Nor do his Subjects only share
 The prosp'rous Fruits of his indulgent Reign,
 His Enemies approve the pious War,
 Which with their Weapons takes away their Chain.
 More than his Sword his Goodness strikes his Foes,
 They bless his Arms, and sigh they must oppose :
 Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,
 And 'tis for Man's Delight that he is great :
 Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,
 If he were more a Victor, or a Friend ;
 So much his Courage and his Mercy strive ;
 He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.

12.

Ye Heroes that have fought your Country's Cause,
 Redress'd her Injuries, or form'd her Laws,
 To my advent'rous Song just witness bear,
 Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,
 That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
 But solid Story, and severest Truth,
 That *William* treasures up a Greater Name,
 Than any Country, any Age can boast,
 (a) And all that ancient Stock of Fame

He

(a) *Virtus recludens immeritis mori,*
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter Viâ,
Cæusq; vulgares & Udam,
Spernit Humum fugiente Pennâ.

He did from his Fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with Interest back;
And in his Constellation does unite
Their scatter'd Rays of fainter Light:
Above or Envy's Lash, or Fortune's Wheel,
That settled Glory shall for ever dwell;
Above the rolling Orbs and common Sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er shall dye.

13.

Where roves the Muse? Where, thoughtless to return,
Is her short-liv'd Vessel born?
By potent Winds too subject to be tost?
And in the Sea of *William's* Praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore,
Where our abandon'd Youth she sees,
Shipwrack'd in Luxury and lost in Ease;
Whom not *Britannia's* Danger can alarm,
Nor *William's* exemplary Virtue warm:
Tell 'em howe'er the King can yet forgive
Their guilty Sloth; their Homage yet receive,
And let their wounded Honour live:
But sure and sudden be their just Remorse,
Swift be their Virtue's Rise, and strong its Course.

He

(a) For tho' for certain Years and destin'd Times,
 Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes;
 Tho' *Jove* seem'd negligent of human Cares
 Nor scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs,
 His Justice now demands the equal Scales,
 Sedition is suppress'd, and Truth prevails:
 Fate its great ends by slow Degrees attains
 And *Europe* is redeem'd and *William* Reigns.

(a) ——— *Sape Diespiter*
Neglectus incesto addidit Integrum
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deservit Pede Pena Claudio.

ODE III.

Æquam Memento.

I.

BE calm, my *Delius*, and serene,
 However Fortune change the Scene!
 In thy most Dejected State,
 Sink not underneath the Weight;
 Nor yet, when Happy Days begin,
 And the full Tide comes rowling in,

Let

Let a fierce unruly Joy,
The settled Quiet of thy Mind destroy :

*However Fortune change the Scene,
Be calm, my Delius, and serene !*

2.

Be thy Lot good, or be it ill,
Life ebbs out at the same rate still :
Whether with busie Cares oppress,

You wear the sullen time away ;
Or whether to sweet Ease and Rest,

You sometimes give a Day ;
Carelessly laid,

Underneath a friendly Shade

By Pines, and Poplars, mixt Embraces made ;

Near a River's sliding Stream,

Fetter'd in Sleep, blest'd with a Golden Dream.

3.

Here, here, in this much envied State,

Let every Blessing on thee wait ;

Bid the *Syrian Nard* be brought,

Bid the hidden Wine be sought,

And let the Rose's short liv'd Flower

The smiling Daughter of an Hour,

Flourish on thy Brow :

Enjoy the very, very now !

While the good Hand of Life is in,

While yet the fatal Sisters spin.

4.

A little hence my Friend, and thou
Must into other Hands resign
Thy Gardens and thy Parks, and all that now
Bears the pleasing Name of *thine* :
Thy Meadows, by whose planted Tides,
Silver *Tyber* gently glides !
Thy pleasant Houses ; all must go,
The Gold that's hoarded in 'em too ;
A jolly Heir shall set it free,
And give the imprison'd Monarch Liberty.

5.

Nor matters it, what Figure here,
Thou dost among thy Fellow-mortals bear ;
How thou wert born, or how begot,
Impartial Death matters it not :
With what Titles thou dost shine,
Or who was first of all thy Line :
Life's vain Amusements ! amidst which we dwell,
Not weigh'd, nor understood, by the grim God of Hell.

6.

In the same Road (alas !) All travel on !
By all alike, the same sad Journey must be gone !
Our blended Lots together lie,
Mingled in one common Urn,
Sooner or later out they fly :
The fatal *Boat* then wafts us to the Shore,
Whence we never shall return
Never! — Never more !

O D E I V.

Imitated.

The Lord G—— to the E. of S——.

Ne sit Ancilla, tibi Amor Pudori, &c.

I:

DO not, most fragrant Earl disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame;
To B——le the brown,
But publicly espouse the Dame,
And say G——d—— the Town.

2.

Full many Heroes fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply smitten been,
Although right good Commanders,
Some who with you have *Hounslow* seen,
And some who've been in *Flanders*.

3.

Did not base *Greber's Pegg* inflame
The sober Earl of N——m,
Of sober Sire descended,
That careless of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-Houses he Nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

B

4. The

4.

The Monarch who of *France* is Height,
 Who rules the Roast with matchless Might,
 Since *William* went to Heaven;
 Loves *Maintenon*, his Lady bright,
 Who was but *Scarron's* Leaving.

5.

Tho' thy dear Father kept an Inn,
 At grizly Head of *Saracen*,
 For Carriers at *Northampton*;
 Yet she might come of gentler Kin
 Than e're that Father dreamt on.

6.

Of Proffers large, her Choice had she,
 Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
 Which she with Scorn rejected;
 And can a Nymph so virtuous be,
 Of Base-born Blood suspected?

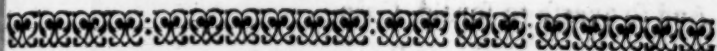
7.

Her dimple Cheek and roguish Eye,
 Her slender WASTE, and taper Thigh,
 I always thought provoking;
 But, Faith, tho' I talk waggishly,
 I mean no more than joking.

8.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
 My Lady Marchioness is nigh,
 To see I ne'er shall hurt ye;

Besides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of Five and Forty.



ODE IV.

Englished by Mr. DUKE.

BLush not, my Friend, to own the Love
Which thy fair Captive's Eyes do move,
Achilles once the fierce, the brave,
Stoopt to the Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmessa's Charms could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conqueror;
Great *Agamemnon*, when Success
Did all his Arms with Conquest bless;
When *Hector's* Fall had gain'd him more
Than Ten long rolling Years before,
By a bright captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midst of Triumph dyes.
You know not to what mighty Line
The lovely Maid may make you joyn;
See but the Charms her Sorrow wears,
No Common Cause could draw such Tears;
Those Streams sure that adorn her face
For loss of Royal Kindred flow:

E 2

Oh!

Oh! Think not so divine a thing
 Could from the Bed of Commons spring,
 Whose Faith could so unmov'd remain,
 And so averse to sordid Gain
 Was never born of any Race
 That might the noblest Love disgrace.
 Her blooming Face, her snowy Arms,
 Her well-shap'd Leg, and all her Charms,
 Of her Body, and her Face,
 I, poor I, may safely praise.
 Suspect not Love the youthful Rage
 From *Horace's* declining Age,
 But think remov'd by forty Years,
 All his Flames and all thy Fears.



To his Friend Captain CHAMBERLINE;
In Love with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine Prize at Sea.

In Allusion to the 4th ODE.

By Mr. YALDEN.

T^{I.}IS no disgrace (brave Youth) to own
 By a fair Slave you are undone:
 Why dost thou blush to hear that Name?
 And stifle thus a generous Flame:

Did

Lib. II. H O R A C E.

53

Did not the Fair *Briseis* heretofore

With powerful Charms subdue ?

What, tho' a Captive, still she bore

Those Eyes that Freedom cou'd restore,

And make her haughty Lord, the proud *Achilles* bow.

2.

Stern *Ajax*, tho' renown'd in Arms,

Did yield to bright *Tecmessa's* Charms :

And all the Laurels he had won,

As Trophies at her Feet were thrown.

When beautiful in Tears he view'd the mourning Fair,

The Hero felt her Power :

Tho' great in Camps, and fierce in War,

Her softer Looks he cou'd not bear,

Proud to become her Slave, tho' late her Conqueror.

3.

When *Beauty* in Distress appears,

An irresistible Charm it bears :

In every *Breast* does pity move,

Pity, the Tender'st Part of Love.

Amidst the Triumphs great *Atrides* shew'd

Unto a Weeping Maid :

Tho' *Troy* was by his *Arms* subdu'd,

And *Greece* the bloody Trophies view'd

Yet at a Captive's Feet the imploring Victor laid,

4.

Think not, thy charming Maid can be

Of a Base Stock, a Mean Degree :

E 3

Her

Her Shape, her Air, her every Grace,
 A more than *vulgar Birth* confess.
 Yes, yes, my Friend, with *Royal Blood* she's great;
 Sprung from some Monarch's Bed:
 Now mourns her Families hard Fate,
 Her mighty Fall and abject State,
 And her illustrious Race conceals with noble Pride.

5.

Ah! think not an ignoble House
 Cou'd such a Heroine produce,
 Nor think such generous sprightly *Blood*,
 Cou'd flow from the Corrupted Crowd,
 But view her Courage, her undaunted Mind
 And Soul with Vertues crown'd:
 Where dazzling Int'rest cannot blind,
 Nor Youth, nor Gold Admittance find,
 But still her Honour's fix'd, and Vertue keeps its ground.

6.

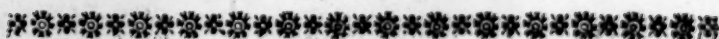
View well her great Majestick *Air*,
 And modest Looks divinely fair:
 Too bright for Fancy to improve,
 And worthy of thy noblest Love.
 But yet suspect not thy officious Friend,
 All jealous Thoughts remove:
 Tho' I with youthful Heat commend,
 For thee I all my Wishes send,
 And if she makes thee blest, 'tis all I ask of Love.

ODE VIII.

Englished by Mr. DUKE.

IF ever any injur'd Power,
By which the false *Barine* swore,
False, fair *Barine*, on thy Head
Had the least Mark of Vengeance shed;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy Perjury,
I should believe thy Vows; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow:
Of all our Youth the publick Care,
Nor half so false as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead Mother's sacred Urn,
By Heaven, and all the Stars that shine
Without, and every God within.
Venus hears this, and all the while.
At thy empty Vows does smile,
Her Nymphs all smile, her little Son
Does smile, and to his Quiver run:
Does smile and fall to whet his Darts,
To wound for thee fresh Lovers Hearts.
See all the Youth does thee obey,
Thy Train of Slaves grows every day;

Nor leave thy former Subjects thee,
 Tho' oft they threaten to be free;
 Tho' oft with Vows false as thine are,
 Their forsworn Mistress they forswear.
 Thee every careful Mother fears
 For her Son's Blooming Tender Years;
 Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride,
 In *Hymen's* Fetters newly ty'd,
 Left thou detain by stronger Charms,
 Th'expected Husband from her Arms.



ODE X.

By Mr. NORRIS.

Rectius vives Licini, &c.

I.

TIS much the better way, believe me 'tis,
 Not far to venture on the great *Abyss*,
 Nor yet (from Storms thy Vessel to secure)
 To touch too nigh upon the dangerous Shore.

2.

The *Golden Mean*, as she's too nice to dwell,
 Among the Ruins of a filthy Cell,
 So is her Modesty withal as great,
 To baulk the Envy of a Princely Seat.

3. Th'ambitious

3.

Th'ambitious Winds with greater Spite combine
To shock the Grandeur of the stately Pine.
The Height of Structure makes the Ruin large,
And Clouds against High Hills their Hottest Bolts dis-
[charge.

4.

An Even Well-pois'd Mind, an Evil State
With Hope, a Good with Fear does moderate.
The Summer's Pride by Winter is brought down,
And Flowers again the Conquering Season crown.

5.

Take heart, nor of the Laws of Fate complain,
Tho' now 'tis cloudy, 'twill clear up again.
The Bow *Apollo* does not always use,
But with his milder Lyre sometimes awakes the Muse.

6.

The Life and Spirit, when Fortune proves unkind,
And summon up the Vigor of thy Mind.
But when thou'rt driven by too officious Gales,
Be wise, and gather in the swelling Sails.



O D E X.

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
But how to do it very few can tell ;
He sure doth best who a true Mean can keep,
Nor boldly sails too far into the Deep,
Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
And runs the Danger of the Rocks and Sand.
Who to that happy *Medium* can attain,
Who neither seeks for, nor despises Gain,
Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high,
He shuns th' unwholsom Ills of Poverty ;
And is secure from Envy which attends
A sumptuous Table, and a Crowd of Friends.
Their treacherous Height doth the tall Pines expose,
To the rude Blasts of every Wind that blows,
And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
Are near their Ruin as they're near the Sky ;
And when they fall, what was their Pride before,
Serves only then t'increase their Fall the more.
Who wisely governs and directs his Mind,
Never despairs, though Fortune be unkind ;
He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
He bears it patiently and hopes again.
And if at last a kinder Fate conspires,
To heap upon him more than he desires ;

He then suspects the Kindness he enjoys,
Takes it with Thanks, but with such Care employs,
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
Would once resume what it bestow'd before.
He finds Man's Life, by an Eternal Skill,
Is temper'd equally with good and ill,
Fate shapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
Hopes are our Summer, and our Winters Fears;
And 'tis by an unerring Rule decreed,
That this shall alternately succeed.
Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wise,
And bear its Ills without the least Surprise.
The more you are oppress'd, bear up the more,
Weather the Tempest till its Rage be o're.
But if too prosperous and too strong a Gale,
Should rather ruffle than just fill your Sail,
Lessen it, and let it take but so much Wind,
As is propotion'd to the Course design'd,
" For 'tis the greatest part of human Skill,
" To use Good Fortune, and to bear our Ill.



ODE X.

I.

LICINTUS, would you learn from me
The Arts of living safe and free;
Trust not too far the faithless Sea.

Nor treacherous Winds explore;
Nor yet solicitous to avoid
The impetuous Ocean's threat'ning Pride,
Your Bark too much as closely guide
Along the rocky Shore.

2.

Him who the Golden Mean does praise,
A sordid Cottage does not please,
Nor asks he marble Palaces,
Th'invidious Scenes of State.

Light'ning on Hills, and raging Winds,
Fall fiercest on the lofty Pines,
And when a mighty Tow'r declines,
More dreadful is it's Fate.

3.

The true Philosophers, who dare,
Thro' both Presumption and Despair,
In Cloudy Fortune hope; in Fair
Expect a Changing Sky;
The same Almighty Sov'reign Powers,
That storm to day in frightful Showers,
To morrow are more kindly ours,
And lay their Thunder by.

Fair

Fair Weather Time and Patience brings,
 Sometimes the great *Apollo* sings,
 And strikes his golden sounding Strings,
 Nor always plies his Bow.

Be brave, when boisterous Fate prevails;
 And in her Kindest Prosperous Gales,
 By furling your too-bloated Sails,
 The prudent Pilot shew.



ODE XII.

By Mr. GLANVILL.

Nolis longa fera Bella Numantiae, &c.

U Rge me no more to write of Martial things,
 Of fighting Heroes, and of conquering Kings:
 Our brave Fore-fathers Glory to advance,
 Shew Subdu'd *Ireland*, and sing Vanquish'd *France*:
 Tell how *Spain's* Blood the *British* Ocean swell'd,
 With Shame invading, and with more repell'd.
 No, these high Themes of the Heroick Strain,
 Suit ill with my low feeble Vein:
 To Equal Numbers I'd in vain aspire,
 How shou'd I make a Trumpet of a Lyre?

Much

Much less dare I, in an unhallow'd Strain,
 Great *Nassau's* Wars and Victories profane.
 You better may in lasting Prose rehearse
 Things which defy my humble Verse.
 'Tis a fond thing to think to reconcile
 Such glorious Actions with so mean a Style.

2.

Me fair *Lycinia's* softer Praise,
 Her native Charms, and winning Ways,
 The Muse ordain'd to sing in gentle Lays.
 Me the sweet Song with *Syrens* Art defies,
 Me the serenely shining Eyes,
 And, above all, the gen'rous grateful Heart,
 True to the mutual Love, and faithful to its Part.
Lycinia, whose becoming Dance,
 With airy Motion does Love's Fire advance,
 Whose wanton Wit, wild as her Eyes,
 The tickled Mind does pleasantly surprize;
 Whose various Arts all our loose Powers alarm,
 A Grace each Action, and each Word a Charm.

3.

Ah! When her willing Head she gently bends,
 And fragrant Kisses languishingly lends;
 When with fond artful Coyness she denies,
 More glad to lose, than we to win the Prize;
 Or when the Wanton, in a toying Vein,
 Snatches the Kiss from the preventing Swain;

Wou'd you then give one Bracelet of her Hair
 For the poor Crowns that Monarchs wear?
 Wou'd you exchange for all those favourite Isles
 The Sun laughs on, one of her pleasing Smiles?
 Wou'd you for both the *Indies* Wealth decline,
 The hidden Treasures of her richer Mine?
 Not I, for such vain Toys I'd ne'r remove,
 My Wealth, my Pomp, my Heaven shou'd all be Love.

O D E XXII.

To Mecænas.

1.

Dire *Hannibal*, the Roman Dread,
 Numantian Wars that rag'd so long,
 And Seas with *Punick* Slaughter red,
 Fit not the softer *Lyrick* Song.

2.

Nor Savage *Centaurs*, mad with Wine;
 Nor Earth's enormous rebel Brood,
 That shook with Fear the Pow'rs divine,
 *Till by *Alcides* Arms subdu'd.

3.

Better, *Mecænas*, thou in Prose,
 Shalt *Cæsar's* Glorious Battles tell,

With

With what bold Heat the Victor glows,
What captive Kings his Triumphs swell.

4.

Thy Mistress all my Muse employs,
Licina's Voice, her sprightly Turns,
The Fire that sparkles in her Eyes.
And in her faithful Bosom burns.

5.

When she adorns *Diana's* Day,
And all the beauteous Choirs advance;
With sweetest Airs, divinely gay,
She shines distinguish'd in the Dance.

6.

Not all *Arabia's* Spicy Fields
Can with *Lucinia's* Breath compare,
Nor *India's* self a Treasure yields,
To purchase one bright flowing Hair.

7.

When she with bending Neck complies,
To meet the Lover's eager Kiss,
With gentle Cruelty denies,
Or snatches first the fragrant Bliss.



O D E XIV.

Imitated by Mr. CONGREVE.

*Eheu Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.*

1.

A H! No, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis!
This Pious Artifice!

Not all these Prayers and Alms can buy
One Moment tow'rd *Eternity*,
Eternity! That boundless Race,

Which *Time* himself can never run:
(Swift, as he flies, with an Unweary'd Pace)
Which, when ten Thousand, Thousand Years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun!

Fix'd are those Limits which prescribe

A short Extent to the most lasting Breath,
And though thou couldst for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to save thine own;
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary Gasp from Death.

2.

In vain's thy inexhausted Store
Of Wealth, in vain thy Power,
Thy Honours, Titles, all must fail,
Where Piety it self does nought avail.

F The

The Rich, the Great, the Innocent, and Just,
Must all be huddl'd to the Grave,
With the most vile and ignominious Slave,
And undistinguish'd lie in Dust.

In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,
In vain he is secure from Wounds of Arms,
In vain avoids the faithless Seas,
And is confin'd to Home and Ease,
Bounding his Knowledge to extend his Days.
In vain are all those *Arts* we try,
All our Evasions, and Regret to die :
From the Contagion of Mortality,
No Clime is pure, no Air is free :
And no Retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

3.

Thou must, alas ! Thou must my Friend,
(The very Hour that thou dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on thine End)
Thou must forego the dearest Joys of Life,
Leave the warm Bosom of thy tender Wife,
And all the much lov'd Off-spring of her Womb,
To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.

All must be left, and all be lost ;

Thy House, whose stately Structure so much cost,
Shall not afford
Room for the stinking Carcass of its Lord.

Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grotts and Bowers,
 Thy costly Fruit, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flowers,
 Nought shalt thou save,
 Unless a Sprig of Rosemary thou have,
 To wither with thee in the Grave.
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
 Their transitory Master dead.

4.

Then shall thy long expecting Heir,
 A joyful Mourning wear,
 And riot in the Waste of that Estate
 Which thou hast taken so much pains to get :
 All thy hid Stories he shall unfold,
 And set at large thy Captiv'd Gold.
 That precious Wine condemn'd by thee
 To Vaults and Prisons, shall again be free,
 Buried alive, tho' now it lies,
 Again't shall rise,
 Again its sparkling Surface show,
 And free as Element, profusely flow.
 With such choice Food he shall set forth his Feasts,
 That Cardinals shall wish to be his Guests;
 And pamper'd Prelates see
 Themselves out done in *Luxury*.



O D E XIV.

AH! Friend, the posting Years how fast they fly!
Nor can the strictest Piety,
Defer encroaching Age,
Or Death's resistless Rage.
If you each Day
A Hecatomb of Bulls shou'd slay,
The smoking Host cou'd not subdue
The Tyrant to be kind to you.
From *Geryon's* Head he snatch'd the triple Crown,
Into th'infernal Lake the Monarch tumbl'd down.
The Prince and Peasant of this World must be
Thus wasted to Eternity.

2.

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the tempestuous Sea.
In vain they take such care
To shield their Bodies from Autumnal Air,
Dismal *Cocytus* they must ferry o'er,
Whose languid Stream moves dully by the Shore;
And in their passage we shall see
Of Tortur'd Ghosts the various Misery.

3.

Thy stately House, thy pleasing Wife,
And Children (Blessings dear as Life)

Must

Must all be left, nor shalt thou have,
 Of all thy grafted Plants one Tree,
 Unless the dismal *Cypress* follow thee,
 The short liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold Grave.
 But the imprison'd *Burgundy*
 Thy jolly Heir shall frait set free.

Releas'd from Lock, and Key, the sparkling Wine
 Shall flow, and make the drunken *Pavement* shine.



ODE XV.

Imitated by Mr. CHETWOOD.

Jam pauca Aratro Jugera, &c.

1.

Then this unweildy factious Town
 To such prodigious Bulk is grown,
 It on whole Countries stands, and now
 Land will be wanting for the Plow.
 Those Remnants too the Boors forsake,
 Frisk must the Nations undertake.

As in a *Plague* the Fields shall desert lye,
 Whilst all Men to the mighty *Pest-house* fly.

2.

If any Tree is to be seen,
 'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and ever green ;

Must

Lime-trees, and Plane, for Pleasure made,
Which for their Fruit bear only *Shade*.
Such as do Female Men content,
With *Useless* Shew and *Barren* Scent.

The *British Oak* will shortly be as rare,
As Orange-trees here once, or Cedars were.

3.

Not by these Arts, my Masters, sure,
Your Fathers did those Lands procure;
They preferr'd Use to empty Shew,
No soft'ning *French* Refinements knew.
Themselves, their House, their Table, plain,
Noble, and richly clad their Train.

Temp'rance did Health without Physicians keep,
And *Labour* crown'd Hard Beds with easy Sleep.

4.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
Th' *Exchequer* held their greatest Store:
They did adorn their Native Place
With Structures, which their Heirs deface.
They in large Palaces did dwell,
Which we to *Undertakers* sell.
Stately *Cathedrals* they did found,
Whose Ruins now deform the Ground:
Churches and Colleges, endow'd with Lands,
Whose poor *Remains* fear Sacrilegious Hands.

— — — — —
— — — — —

O D E X V I.

*By Mr. OTWAY.**Otium Dives rogat, &c.*

IN Storms, when Clouds the Moon do hide,
 And no Kind Stars the Pilot guide,
 Shew me at Sea the Boldest there,
 Who does not wish for Quiet here.

For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,
 Bears Weary Marches, Sleepless Nights;
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
 Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Since Wealth and Power too weak we find
 To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
 Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
 Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.

Happy the Man with little blest!
 Of what his Father left, possest:
 No Base Desires corrupt his Head,
 No Fears disturb him in his Bed.

What then in Life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain Designs intend?
 From Shore to Shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun?

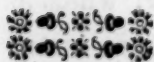
For baneful Care will still prevail,
And overtake us under fail,
'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,
Out-run the *Roe*, out-fly the Wind.

If then thy Soul rejoice to day,
Drive far to Morrow's Cares away :
In Laughter let them all be drown'd,
No Perfect Good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fate's Sudden Blow,
Another's ling'ring Death comes slow ;
And what of Life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy Portion is a Wealthy Stock,
A Fertile Glebe, a Fruitful Flock,
Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse,
Which soft Content does best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.



O D E XVI.

1.

When stormy Winds begin to rise,
And Moon and Stars do disappear;
Then to the Gods the Seaman cries,
Wishing himself at quiet here.

2.

For Peace the Solder takes up Arms,
For Peace he boldly ventures Life:
For that he follows War's Alarms,
Hoping to gain by Toil and Strife,

3.

That Quiet and Content of Mind,
Which is not to be bought or sold;
Quiet which none as yet cou'd find
In heaps of Jewels, or of Gold.

4.

For neither can Wealth, Pow'r, or State
Of Courtiers, or of Guards the Rout
Or gilded Roof, or brazen Gate,
The Troubles of the Mind keep out.

5. That

5.

That Man alone is happy here,
Whose *All* will just himself maintain;
His Sleep is not disturb'd with Fear,
Or broke with sordid Thirst of Gain.

6.

Then why do we, since Life's so short,
Lay our Designs for what's to come?
Why to another Air resort,
Forfaking this our native Home.

7.

Trouble will at our Heels be still,
Swift as the Roe-Buck, or the Wind;
'Twill follow us against our Will,
For none can leave himself behind.

8.

What does our Wand'ring then avail,
Care will not be forgot or lost;
'Twill reach us tho' we're under sail;
And find us on another Coast.

9.

Man with his present State content,
Shou'd leave to Providence the rest:
Using the time well Heav'n has lent,
For no one's here entirely blest

10.

Achilles yielding soon to Fate
Was snatch'd from off his mortal Stage,

Tybon enjoy'd a longer Date,
And labour'd under ling'ring Age.

11.

So if it please the Fates, you may
Resign your Soul to Sudden Death;
Whilst I, perhaps, behind must stay,
To breathe a longer share of Breath.

12.

You round you daily do behold
Your thriving Flocks, and fruitful Land;
What bounteous Fortune has bestow'd
On you, with no Penurious Hand.

13.

A little Country Seat by Heaven
Is what's allotted unto me :
A Genius too the Gods have given,
Not quite averse to Poetry :
And a firm steady Soul, that is above
Either the Vulgar's Hatred, or their Love.



ODE XVI.

Imitated in Paraphrase by Mr. J. HUGHS.

1.

Indulgent Quiet ! Pow'r serene,
 Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love !
 O say, thou calm propitious Queen,
 Say in what solitary Grove,
 Within what Rock or Winding Cell,
 By human Eyes unseen,
 Like some retreated *Druid* dost thou dwell ?
 And why illusive Goddess ! Why,
 When we thy Mansion wou'd surround,
 Why dost thou lead us thro' Enchanted Ground,
 To mock our vain Research, and from our Wishes fly ?

2.

The wand'ring Sailors, pale with Fear,
 For thee the Gods implore,
 When the tempestuous Sea runs high,
 And when, thro' all the dark benighted Sky,
 No friendly Moon or Stars appear
 To guide their Steerage to the Shore :
 For thee the weary Soldier prays,
 Furious in Fight the Sons of *Thrace*,

And

II. And *Medes*, that were Majestic by their side
 A full charg'd Quiver's decent Pride,
 Gladly with thee wou'd pass inglorious Days,
 Renounce the Warrior's tempting Praise
 And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold,
 With Gems, and Purple Vests, and Stores of plunder'd
 3. [Gold.

But neither boundless Wealth nor Guards that wait,
 Around the Consul's Honour'd Gate
 Nor Anti-Chambers with Attendants fill'd,
 The Minds unhappy Tumults can abate,
 Or banish sullen Cares that fly
 A-cross the gilded Rooms of State,
 And their foul Nests, like Swallows build
 Close to the Palace Roofs and Tow'rs that pierce the
 Much less will Nature's modest Wants supply, [Sky,
 And happier lives the homely Swain,
 Who, in some Cottage, far from Noise
 His few Paternal Goods enjoys,
 fly? Nor knows the sordid Lust of Gain,
 Nor with Fear's tormenting Pain,
 His hovering Sleeps destroys.

4.

Vain Man ! That in a Narrow space
 At endless Game projects the daring Spear !
 For short is Life's uncertain Race ;
 Then why, capricious Mortal ! why,

Dost

Dost thou for Happiness repair
To Distant Climates, and a Foreign Air?

Fool, from thy self thou canst not fly,
Thy self, the Source of all thy Care:
So flies the wounded Stag, provok'd with Pain,
Bounds o'er the spacious Downs in vain;
The Feather'd Torment sticks within his Side,
And from the smarting Wound a purple Tide
Marks all his way with Blood, and dies the Grassy Plain.

5.

But swifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds that thro' the Skies
Thick driving Snows, and gather'd Tempests bear;
Pursuing Care the sailing Ship out-flies.
Climbs the tall Vessels painted Sides;

Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,
But with the Marching Horsemen rides
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes all
[Places yeild

6.

Then since no State's compleatly blest,
Let's learn the Bitter to allay
With gentle Mirth, and wisely gay
Enjoy at least the present Day,

And leave to Fate the rest.
Nor with vain Fear of Ills to come
Anticipate th'appointed Doom,

Soon did *Achilles* quit the Stage,
 That Hero fell by sudden Death,
 Whilst *Tybon* to a tedious wasting Age
 Drew his protracted Breath.
 And thus, old partial Time, my Friend,
 Perhaps unask'd to worthless me
 Those Hours of lengthen'd Life may lend
 Which he'll refuse to thee.

Plain.

7.

Thee shining Wealth and plenteous Joys surround,
 And all thy fruitful Fields around
 Unnumber'd Herds of Cattle stray.
 Thy harness'd Steeds with sprightly Voice
 Make neighb'ring Vales and Hills rejoyce,
 Whilst smoothly thy gay Chariot flies o'er the swift
 [measur'd way.
 To me the Stars, with Less Profusion kind,
 An humble Fortune have assign'd,
 And no untuneful Lyrick Vein,
 But a sincere contented Mind
 That can the vile malignant Crowd disdain.



HORACE.



HORACE.

BOOK III. ODE I.

By Mr. COWLEY.

Odi Profanum Vulgus, &c.

1.

Hence, ye Profane, I hate you all,
Both the Great Vulgar and the Small.
To Virgin Minds, which yet their native
[Whiteness hold,
Nor yet discolour'd with the Love of Gold,
(That Jaundice of the Soul,
Which makes it look so gilded and so foul)
To you, ye very few, these Truths I tell :
The Muse inspires my Song, hark, and observe it well.

2. We

2.

We look on Men, and wonder at such Odds,
 'Twixt things that were the same by Birth;
 We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth;
 These Giants are but Pigmies to the Gods.
 The humblest Bush, and proudest Oak,
 Are but of equal proof against the Thunder-stroke.
 Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r,
 Have their short flourishing Hour;
 And to see themselves and smile,
 And joy in their Pre-eminence a while;
 Ev'n so, in the same Land,
 Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs, to-
 [gether stand.
 Alas! Death mows down all with an Impar-
 [tial Hand.

3.

And, all you Men, whom Greatness doth so please,
 Ye feast, I fear, like *Damocles*.

If you your Eyes cou'd upwards move,
 (But you (I fear) think nothing is above)

You wou'd perceive by what a little Thread
 The Sword still hangs over your Head.

No Tide of Wine would drown your Cares,
 No Mirth or Musick over-noise your Fears; |

The Fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
 As not t'admit the Image of it, *Sleep*.

G

4. *Sleep*

4.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait on Palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
The meanest Country Cottages;
This Poppy grows among the Corn.
The *Halcyon Sleep* will never build his Nest
In any Stormy Breast :

'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in their Miud ;
Darkness but half his work will do ;
'*Tis not enough*, he must find Quiet too.

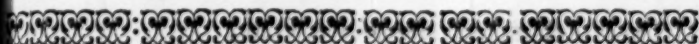
5.

The Man who in all Wishes he does make,
Does only Nature's Counsel take ;
That wise and happy Man will never fear
The evil Aspects of the Year,
Nor tremble though Two Comets shou'd appear :
He does not look in Almanacks, to see
Whether he fortunate shall be :
Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in the Heavens conjoin,
And what they please against the World design,
So *Jupiter* within him shine.

6.

If of your Pleasures and Desires no End be found,
God to your Cares and Fears will set no bound.
What wou'd content you ? Who can tell ?
Ye fear so much to lose what you have got,
As if you lik'd it well ;
Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.

Go level Hills, and fill up Seas,
Spare nought that may your wanton Fancy please :
But, trust me, when you've done all this,
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.



O D E III.

Imitated.

By WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;

JUSTUM & tenacem propositi Virum, &c.

I.

THE Man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his Principles and Trust,
Nor Hopes nor Fears can blind ;
No Passions his Designs controul,
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can shake his steady Mind.

2.

Nor Parties for Revenge engag'd,
Nor Threat'nings of a Court enrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets despair :
Not Thunder pointed at his Head ;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

3.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose,
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes :
Of this their Poets sing.

These were the Paths their Heroes trod,
These Acts made *Hercules* a God;
And Great *Nassau* a King.

4.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,
With black'ning Storms combin'd :
Vertue, he cry'd, will force its way ;
The Wind may for a while delay,
Not alter our Design.

5.

The Men whom Selfish Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd :
But here, a Church for Succour flies,
Insulted Law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for Aid.

6.

Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent Zeal,
I come, the Wounded Heart to heal,
The Wounding Hand to bend :
See Tools of Arbitrary Sway,
And Priests, like Locusts, scout away
Before the Western Wind.

7.

shall again her Force resume,
Religion clear'd from Clouds of Rome,
With brighter Rays advance.
The British Fleet shall rule the Deep,
The British Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
Strike Terror into France.

8.

Nor shall these Promises of Fate
Be limited to my short Date,
When I from Cares withdraw :
Still shall the British Scepter stand,
Still flourish in a Female Hand,
And to Mankind give Law.

9.

She shall Domestick Foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight,
Whole Armies drag her Chain :
She shall Lost Italy restore,
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
And give a King to Spain.

10.

But know, these Promises are given,
These great Rewards Imperial Heaven,
Does on these Terms decree ;
That strictly punishing Mens Faults,
You let their Consciences and Thoughts
Rest absolutely free.

II.

*Let no false Politicks confine,
In narrow Bounds, your vast Design
To make Mankind unite ;
Nor think it a sufficient Cause
To punish Men by penal Laws,
For not believing right.*

12.

*Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind ;
Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find,
Who ne'er Compassion knew.
By nobler Actions theirs condemn :
For what has been reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be prais'd in you.*

13.

*These Subjects suit not with the Lyre ;
Muse ! To what height dost thou aspire ?
Pretending to rehearse
The Thoughts of God, and Godlike Kings.
Cease, cease to lessen Lofly things,
By Mean Ignoble Verse.*



ODE III.

THE Man resolv'd, and stedd' to his Trust,
Inflexible to Ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude Rabble's Insolence despise,
Their senseless Clamours, and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern Brow, and the harsh Voice defies,
And with superior Greatness smiles.

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,
The stubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the red Arm of angry Jove,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, wou'd hear the mighty Crack,
And stand secure amidst a Falling World.

Such were the Godlike Arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the Blest Abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a Place among the Gods:
Where now *Augustus*, mix'd with Heroes, lies,
And to his Lips the Nectar Bowl applies:

His ruby Lips the purple Tincture shew,
And with immortal Stains divinely glow.

By Arts like these did young *Lyæus* rise,
His Tygers drew him to the Skies,
Wild from the Defart, and unbroke ;
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their Eyes with Fury glar'd,
He tam'd 'em to the Lash, and bent 'em to the Yoke.

Such were the Paths that *Rome's* great Founder trod,
When in a Whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull Mortality,
And lost the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful Silence broke,
And thus th'assembled Deities bespoke.

Troy, says the Goddess, *perjur'd Troy has felt*
The dire Effects of her proud Tyrant's Guilt ;
The tow'ring Pile and soft Abodes,
Wall'd by the Hands of Servile Gods,
Now spreads its Ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the Ground.
An Umpire partial and unjust,
And a lewd Woman's impious Lust,
Lay heavy on her Head, and sunk her to the Dust.

Since false *Laomedon's* Tyrannick Sway,
That durst defraud th' Immortals of their Pay,

Her Guardian Gods renounc'd their Patronage ;

Nor wou'd the fierce invading Foe repell :

To my Resentments, and Minerva's Rage,

The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And now the long protracted Wars are o'er,

The soft Adulterer shines no more ;

No more does Hector's Force the Trojans shield ;

That drove whole Armies back, and singly clear'd the Field.

My Vengeance sated, I at length resign

To Mars his Off-spring of the Trojan Line :

Advanc'd to God-head let him rise,

And take his station in the Skies ;

There entertain his ravish'd Sight

With Scenes of Glory, Fields of Light ;

Quaff with the Gods Immortal Wine,

And see Adoring Nations crowd his Shrine.

The thin Remains of Troy's afflicted Host,

In Distant Realms may Seats unenvy'd find,

And flourish on a Foreign Coast ;

But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd :

Remov'd by Seas, from the Disastrous Shore,

May Endless Billows rise between, and Storms un-number'd

[roar.

Still

Still let the curst detested Place,
Where Priam lyes, and Priam's faithless Race,
Be cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass.
There let the wanton Flocks unguarded stray;
Or whilst the lonely Shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty Ruins play,
And frisk upon the Tombs of Kings.

May Tyrants there, and all the Savage Kind,
Sad solitary Haunts and silent Desarts find:
In gloomy Vaults, and Nooks of Palaces,
May th' unmolested Lyons
Her brindled Whelps securely lay,
Or couch'd, in dreadful Slumbers waste the Day.

While TROY in Heaps of Ruins lyes,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious Exiles unconfin'd,
Shall triumph far and near, and rule Mankind.

In vain the Sea's intruding Tide
Europe from Africk shall divide;
And part the sever'd World in two.
Thro' Africk's Sands their Triumphs they shall spread,
And the long Train of Victories pursue,
To Nile's yet undiscover'd Head.

Riches the hardy Soldier shall despise,
And look on Gold with Undesiring Eyes;

Nor the disbowell'd Earth explore,
 In search of the forbidden Ore ;
 Those glittering Ills conceal'd within the Mine,
 Shall lye untouch'd and innocently shine.
 To the last Bounds that Nature sets,
 The piercing Colds and sultry Heats,
 The Godlike Race shall spread their Arms ;
 Now fill the Polar Circle with Alarms,
 Till Storms and Tempests their Pursuits confine ;
 Now sweat for Conquest underneath the Line.

This only Law the Victor shall restrain,
 On these Conditions shall he reign ;
 If none his guilty hand employ
 To build again a Second Troy ;
 If none the rash Design pursue,
 Nor tempt the Vengeance of the Gods anew.

A Curse there cleaves to the devoted Place,
 That shall the New Foundations raise :
 Greece shall in mutual Leagues conspire
 To storm the Rising Town with Fire ;
 And at their Army's Head my self will shew
 What Juno, urg'd to all her Rage, can do.

Thrice shou'd Apollo's self the City raise,
 And line it round with Walls of Brass,
 Thrice shou'd my Fav'rite Greek his Works confound,
 And hew the shining Fabrick to the Ground ;

Thrice

*Thrice shou'd her Captive Dames to Greece return,
And their Dead Sons, and Slaught'ring Husbands mourn.*

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy tow'ring Flight,
Nor bring the Secrets of the Gods to light.

In vain wou'd thy presumptuous Verse
Th'Immortal Rhetorick rehearse;
The Mighty Strains, in Lyrick Numbers bound,
Forget their Majesty, and lose their Sound.



O D E III.

AN honest Mind to Vertue's Precepts true,
Contemns the Fury of a Lawless Crew;
Firm as a Rock, he to his Purpose stands,
And thinks a Tyrant's Frowns as weak as his Commands
Him loudest Storms can't from his Center move,
He braves th'Almighty Thunder ev'n of Jove.
If all the Heavenly Orbs confus'dly hurl'd,
Should dash in pieces, and should crush the World,
Undaunted, he the mighty Crash would hear,
Nor in his Breast admit a Thought of Fear,

*Pollux and wand'ring Hercules of old,
Were, by such Acts, among the Gods enroll'd.*

Augustus

Lib. III. H O R A C E.

93

Augustus thus the Shining Pow'rs possess'd,
 By all th' immortal Deities caress'd:
 He shares with them in their Ætherial Feasts,
 And quaffs bright *Nectar* with the Heavenly Guests.
 This was the Path the frisking Tygers trod,
 Dragging the Car that bore the Jolly God,
 Who fix'd in Heaven his Crown and his Abode.
Romulus by *Mars* through this blest Path was shewn,
 And scap'd the Woes of gloomy *Acheron*.
 In Vertue's rugged Road he took his way,
 And gain'd the Mansions of Eternal Day;
 For him ev'n *Juno*'s self pronounc'd a Word,
 Grateful to all th' Ætherial Council-Board.

O Ilion, Ilion, I with Transport view
 The Fall of all thy wicked perjur'd Crew!
 Pallas and I have born a rankling grudge
 To that curst Shepherd, that incestuous Judge:
 Nay, ev'n Laomedon his Gods betray'd,
 And basely broke the solemn Oath he made.
 But now the painted Strumpet and her Guest
 No more are in their Pomp and Jewels drest;
 No more is *Hector* licens'd to destroy,
 To slay the Greeks, and save his perjur'd Troy.
 Priam is now become an empty Ghost,
 Doom'd, with his House, to tread the Burning Coast:
 The God of Battel now has ceas'd to roar.
 And I, the Queen of Heav'n, pursue my Hate no more.

*I now the Trojan Priests' Son will give
Back to his warlike Sire ; and let him live
In lucid Bow'rs, and give him leave to use
Ambrosia, and the Nectar's Heavenly Juice ;
To be inroll'd in these serene Abodes,
And wear the easy Order of the Gods :
In this blest State I grant him to remain,
While Troy from Rome's divided by the Main ;
Whilst savage Beasts insult the Trojan Tombs,
And in their Caves unlade their pregnant Wombs.
Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in ev'ry Land,
And let the Capitol triumphant stand,
And all the tributary World command. }
Let awful Rome with Sev'n refulgent Heads,
Still keep her Conquests o'er the vanquish'd Medes.
With conqu'ring Terror let her Arms extend
Her mighty Name to Shores without an End ;
Where midland Seas divide the fruitful Soil,
From Europe to the swelling Waves of Nile :
Let 'em be greater by despising Gold,
Than digging it from forth its native Mold.
To be the wicked Instrument of Ill.
Let Sword and Ruin ev'ry Country fill,
That strives to stop the Progress of her Arms ;
Not only those that sultry Sirius warms,
But where the Fields in Endless Winter lye,
Whose Frosts and Snows the Sun's bright Rays defy.*

*But yet on this Condition I decree
The warlike Roman's Happy Destiny ;
That when they Universal Rule enjoy,
They not presume to raise their Ancient Troy :
For then all Ugly Omens shall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn :
Ev'n I my self a second War will move,
Ev'n I, the Sister, and the Wife of Jove.
If Phœbus Harp should thrice erect a Wall,
And all of Brass, yet thrice that Work should fall ;
Sack'd by my fav'rite Greeks ; and thrice again
The Trojan Wives should drag a captive Chain,
And mourn their Children, and their Husband's slain.*

But whither would'st thou, soaring Muse, aspire,
To tell the Counsels of the Heavenly Choir ?
Alas ! Thou canst not strain thy weakly Strings,
To sing in humble Notes such mighty things.
No more the Secrets of the Gods relate,
Thy Tongue's too feeble for a Task so great.



ODE VI.

By My Lord ROSCOMMON.

THose Ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
 And they will cost you dear,
 Unless you soon repair

The Falling Temples, which the Gods provoke,
 And Statues sully'd yet with sacrilegious Smoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
 For humble grateful Piety
 (As it rewarded their Respect)
 Hath sharply punish'd your Neglect;
 All Empires on the Gods depend,
 Begun by their Command, at their Command
 [they end

Let *Crassus*' Ghost and *Labienu*s tell,
 How twice by *Jove*'s Revenge our Legions fell,
 And with insulting Pride,
 Shining in *Roman* Spoils the *Parthian* Victors ride

The *Scythian* and *Egyptian* Scum
 Had almost ruin'd *Rome*;
 While our Seditious took their part,
 Fill'd each *Egyptian* Sail, and wing'd each *Scythian* conven

[Dart says the

First

First, Those flagitious Times
 (Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
 Conspire to violate the Nuptial Bed ;
 From which polluted Head
 Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
 And thro' the spurious Breed and guilty Nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid,
 Bound' Prentice to the Wanton Trade ;
Ionian Artists, at a Mighty Price,
 Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice ;
 What Nets to spread, where subtle Baits to lay ;
 And with an Early Hand they form the temper'd Clay.

Marry'd, their Lessons she improves,
 By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
 And scorns the common mean Design
 To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,
 Or snatch in some dark Place,
 A hasty Illegitimate Embrace.

No ! The brib'd Husband knows of all,
 And bids her rise when Lovers call :
 Hither a Merchant from the *Streights*,
 Grown wealthy by forbidden Fraights,
 Or City *Canibal* repairs,
 Who feeds upon the Flesh of Heirs :
 Convenient Brutes ! Whose tributary Flame
 Pays the full Price of Lust, and gilds the slighted Shame.

H

'Twas

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the conquer'd
[Seas,

And quash'd the stern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel.
Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield,
And won the long disputed World at *Zama's* fa-
[tal Field.

But Soldiers of a Rustick Mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did
[sound.

And after the Declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was
[done,

Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

Time sensibly all things impairs,
Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours, Next Age will see
A Race more profligate than we
(With all the Pains we take) have Skill enough to
[be.

II.
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1.
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[be
DE

O D E VII.

Imitated.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

I.

Dear *Molly*, why so oft in Tears?
Why all these Jealousies and Fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have patience till we've conquer'd *France*,
Thy Closet shall be stor'd with *Nants*;
Ye Ladies like such Plunder.

2.

Before *Toulon* thy Yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long Night he sighs
For thee in lowly Cabbin:
And tho' the Captain's *Chloe* cries,
'Tis I, dear Bully, prithee rise——
He will not let the Drab in.

3.

But she, the Cunning'st Jade alive,
Says, 'Tis the ready way to thrive,
By sharing Female Bounties:

And, if he'll be but kind one Night,
She vows, He shall be dubb'd a Knight,
When she is made a Countess.

4.

Then tells of smooth young Pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd, and of their Liv'ries stripp'd,
Who late to Peers belonging ;
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With Links, because they would not drudge
To save their Ladies Longing.

5.

But *Vol* the Eunuch cannot be
A Colder Cavalier than he,
In all such Love-Adventures :
Then pray do you, dear *Molly*, take
Some *Christian* Care, and do not break
Your Conjugal Indentures.

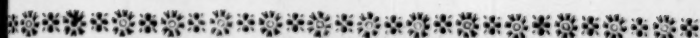
6.

Bellair ! Who does not *Bellair* know ?
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,
Gives out, He loves you dearly :
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,
And soft Impertinence and Noise,
Full oft has beat a Parley.

7.

But, pretty Turtle, when the Blade
Shall come with am'rous Serenade,
Soon from the Window rate him :

But if Reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale,
Discharge the *Jordan* at him.



ODE IX.

By My Lord R.

H E.

W Hile I was Monarch of your Heart,
Crown'd with a Love where none had part,
Each Mortal did with Envy die ;
No God but wish'd that he were I.

S H E.

While you ador'd no Charms but mine,
And vow'd that they did all out-shine ;
More celebrated was my Name
Than that of the bright *Grecian* Dame.

H E.

Chloe's the Saint that I implore,
Chloe's the Goddess I adore ;
For whom to dye the Gods I pray'd,
If Fates wou'd spare the charming Maid.

S H E.

Amyntas is my Lover's Name,
For whom I burn with mutual Flame ;

H 3

For

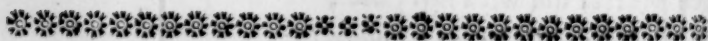
For whom I twice wou'd die with Joy,
If Fates wou'd spare the charming *Boy*.

H E.

If I once more shou'd wear your Chain,
And take my *Lydia* back again ;
If banish *Chloe* from my Breast,
That you might there for ever rest.

S H E.

Tho' he is charming as a God,
Serene and gay, divinely good,
You rough as Billows raging high,
With you I'd chuse to live and die.



ODE IX.

Englisht by another Hand.

HORACE.

WHile I remain'd the Darling of your Heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a Part.
Unrival'd while my longing Arms I cast
About your lovely Neck and slender Wasse,
And you to every one but me were chaste ;

}
}

I scorn'd

I scorn'd the lofty *Persian* Monarch's State,
And thought myself more happy, and as great.

LYDIA.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer She
Had stol'n your wand'ring Heart away from me ;
While *Chloe* seem'd not *Lydia* to out-shine,
Nor gain'd a Conquest that before was mine ;
Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her sweet Embraces fought.

H O R A C E.

Now *Thracian Chloe* has supply'd your Place,
She charms me with her Musick and her Face ;
To save her Life I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my Heart.

LYDIA.

Fair *Calais* now, the sweet *Messenian* Boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy ;
If by my dying he might longer live,
I'd give Two Lives, if I had Two to give.

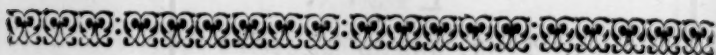
H O R A C E.

What if kind *Venus* should our Hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we flight.
If *Chloe* with her Golden Locks should yield,
And banish'd *Lydia* should regain the Field.

LYDIA.

If so, 'tho' you are cruel and unkind,
Less to be trusted than the Seas or Wind ;

Tho' he so kind, so charming, and so true,
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd dye with you.



ODE IX.

Englisht by Mr. D U K E.

H O R A C E.

Whilft I was welcome to your Heart,
In which no happier Youth had part,
And full of more Prevailing Charms,
Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms,
I flourish'd richer, and more blest
Than the great Monarch of the East.

L Y D I A.

Whilft all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield;
Lydia, the Celebrated Name,
The only Theme of Verse and Fame,
I flourish'd, more than she renown'd,
Whose Godlike Son our *Rome* did found,

H O R A C E.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muse,
And ev'ry Grace adorn, subdues;
For whom I'd gladly dye, to save
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

L Y D I A.

L Y D I A.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire
 With mutual Flames of fierce Desire;
 For whom I twice wou'd dye, to save,
 His Youth more precious from the Grave.

H O R A C E.

What if your former Loves return,
 And our first Fires again shou'd burn?
 If *Cbloë's* banish'd to make way
 For the forsaken *Lydia*?

L Y D I A.

Tho' he is shining as a Star,
 Constant and kind as he is fair;
 Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
 Yet I would live would dye with thee.



ODE XVI.

*Paraphrased.**By Mr. COWLEY.**Inclusam Danaen Turris Ahenæa.*

I.

A Tower of Brass, one would have said,
 And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars,
 Might have preserv'd one innocent Maiden-head.
 The jealous Father thought he well might spare
 All further jealous Care.

And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,
 To think how *Venus*' Arts he had beguil'd ;
 And when he slept, his Rest was deep,
 But *Venus* laugh'd, to see and hear him sleep :

She taught the am'rous *Jove*
 A magical Receipt in Love,
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
 Than all his Thunder did, and his Almightyship before.

2.

She taught him Love's Elixir, by which Art
 His Godhead into Gold he did convert ;

No Guards did then his Passage stay,
 He pass'd with Ease, Gold was the Word ;
 Subtle as Light'ning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
 Gold thro' Doors and Walls did pierce ;
 And as that works sometimes upon the Sword,
 Melted the Maiden head away,
 Ev'n in the secret Scabbard where it lay.
 The prudent *Macedonian* King,
 To blow up Towns a Golden Mine did spring ;
 He broke thro' Gates with this Petarr,
 'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War ;
 And Fleets and Armies follow it afar ;
 The Ensign 'tis at Land ; and 'tis the Seaman's Star.

3.

Let all the World Slave to this Tyrant be,
 Creature to this disguised Deity ;
 Yet it shall never conquer me :
 A Guard of Vertues will not let it pass,
 And Wisdom is a Tow'r of Stronger Brass,
 The Muses Laurel round my Temples spread,
 Does from this Light'ning's Force secure my Head ;
 Nor will I lift it up so high,
 As in the violent Meteor's way to lye.
 Wealth for its Power do we honour and adore ?
 The things we hate, *Ill Fate* and *Death*, have more.

4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great,
 No *The vast Xerxean Army*, I retreat ;

And

And to the small *Laconick* Forces fly,
Which hold the Streights of Poverty,
Cellars and Granaries in vain we fill

With all the bount'ous Summer's Store,
If the Mind thirst and hunger still.

The Poor Rich Man's emphatically poor.

Slave to the things we too much prize,
We Masters grow of all that we despise.

5.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain, and a Wood,
Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.

The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* bestows

All which that grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose

That more than this falls to his share.

Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a Rent paid to the Lord ;

But is a Tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant *Lust*.

Much will always nothing be,

To him who much desires. Thrice happy he,
To whom the wise Indulgency of Heav'n,
With sparing Hand, but just enough has given :



Part of the 29th Ode, beginning at Prudens Futuri Temporis Exitum, &c. paraphras'd.

By Dr. POPE.

THE wary Gods lock up in Cells of Night
Future Events, and laugh at Mortals here,
If they to pry into 'em take delight,

If they too much presume, or too much fear.

O Man ! For thy short Time below,

Enjoy thy self, and what the Gods bestow :

Unequal Fortunes here below are shar'd,

Life to a River's Course may justly be compar'd :

Sometimes within its Bed,

Without an Angry Curl or Wave,

From the Spring-head

It gently glides to the Ocean, its Grave :

Then unawares, upon a sudden Rain,

It madly overflows the neighb'ring Plain :

It plows up beauteous Ranks

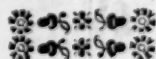
Of Trees, that shaded and adorn'd its Banks :

Overturns Houses, Bridges, Rocks,

Drowns Shepherds and their Flocks :

Horror and Death rage all the Valley o'er,

The Forests tremble, and the Mountains roar.



Part of the 29th Ode beginning at Fortuna Sævo
læta Negotio, &c.

By the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

FORTUNE, made up of Toys and Impudence,
That common Jade, that has not common Sense;
But fond of Bus'ness, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, and spoils the World's Affairs;
She, flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws
On the Next Met, not minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom she helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves,
And seldom truly loves, but Fools or Knaves.
Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her;
Whilst she stays with me, I'll be civil to her;
But if she offers once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gew-gaw things;
And arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious stand,
Than if the Bitch still bow'd at my Command:
I'll marry Honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a dull blind Whore.



O D E XXIX.

*Paraphras'd in Pindarique Verse ;**Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable LAWRENCE,
Earl of ROCHESTER.*

1.

Descended of an ancient Line,
 That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,
 Make haste to meet the generous Wine,
 Whose Piercing is for thee delay'd :
 The rosy Wreath is ready made ;
 And Artful Hands prepare
 The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that shall perfume thy Hair.

2.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,
 And the well-natur'd Friend cries, *Come away* ;
 Make haste, and leave thy Bus'ness and thy Care,
 No mortal Int'rest can be worth thy Stay.

3.

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat ;
 And, to be great indeed, forget
 The nauseous Pleasures of the Great :

Make

Make haste and come :

Come and forsake thy cloying Store ;

Thy Turret that surveys, from high,

The Smoke, and Wealth, and Noise of *Rome* ;

And all the busie Pageantry

That Wise Men scorn, and Fools adore :

Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the Pleasures

[of the Poor.

4.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich to try

A short Vicissitude, a Fit of Poverty :

A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,

Where all is plain, where all is neat ;

Without the Stately Spacious Room,

The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,

Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great,

5.

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high ;

The *Syrian* Star

Barks from afar ;

And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky ;

The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.

The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock,

Beneath the Covert of a Rock ;

And seeks refreshing Riv'lets nigh :

The

Those very Shades and Streams New Shades and

[Streams require ;

And want a cooling Breeze of Wind to fan the ra-

[ging Fire.

6.

Thou what befits the new Lord May'r,

And what the City Faction dare,

And what the *Gallick* Arms will do,

And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,

Art anxiously inquisitive to know :

But God has wisely hid from Humane Sight

The dark Decrees of Future Fate ;

Aud sown their Seeds in Depth of Night ;

He laughs at all the giddy Turns of State,

When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

7.

Enjoy the present Smiling Hour ;

And put it out of Fortune's power:

The Tide of Bus'ness, like the running Stream,

Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,

A quiet Ebb, or a tempestuous Flow,

And always in extream.

Now with a Noiseless, Gentle Course,

It keeps within the middle Bed ;

Anon it lifts aloft the Head,

And bears down all before it, with impetuous Force.

I

And

And Trunks of Trees come rolling down :
 Sheep and their Folds together drown :
 Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,
 And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
 And Woods made thin with Winds, their scatter'd

8. [Honours mourn.]

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call *To day* his own ;
 He who secure within can say,
To morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to day ;
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The Joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate are mine.
Not Heaven it self upon the Past has Pow'r,
But what has been has been, and I have had my Hour.

9.

Fortune, that with malicious Joy,
 Does Man, her Slave, oppress,
 Proud of her Office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
 Still various, and unconstant still,
 But with an Inclination to be ill ;
 Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
 And makes a Lottery of Life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
 But when she dances in the Wind,
 And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the Prostitute away :
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd

Conte

Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm ;
And Vertue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

10.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black ;
If the Mast split, and threaten Wreck ;
Then let the greedy Merchant fear,
For his ill-gotten Gain ;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating Winds and Billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.
For me, secure from Fortune's Blows
(Secure of what I cannot lose)
In my small Pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blust'ring Roar ;
And running with a merry Gale,
With friendly Stars my Safety seek
Within some little winding Creek,
And see the Storm a-shore.



ODE XXIX.

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

1.

MŒCENAS, Off-spring of *Tyrrhenian* Kings,
And worthy of the greatest Empire's Sway,
Unbind the working Mind a while, and play
With Softer Thoughts, and Looser Strings;
Hard Iron ever wearing, will decay.

2.

A Piece untouch'd, of old and noble Wine,
Attends thee here; soft Essence for thy Hair,
Of purple Violets made, or Lillies fair,
The Roses hang their Heads and pine,
And 'till you come, in vain perfume the Air.

3.

Be not inveigled by the gloomy Shades
Of *Tyber*, nor cool *Amiens* chrystal Streams,
The Sun is yet but young, his gentle Beams
Revive, and scorch not up the Blades.
The Spring, like Vertue, dwells between Extremes

4.

Leave fulsom Plenty for a while, and come
From stately Palaces, that tow'r so high,
And spread so far; the Dust and Bus'ness fly,
The Smoke and Noise of mighty *Rome*,
And Cares, that on embroider'd Carpets lye.

5.

It is Vicissitude that Pleasure yields
 To Men, with greatest Wealth and Honour blest,
 And sometimes Homely Fare, but cleanly drest,
 In Country Farms, or pleasant Fields,
 Clears up a Cloudy Brow, and Thoughtful Breast.

6.

Now the cold Winds have blown themselves away,
 The Frosts are melted into pearly Dews;
 The chirping Birds each Morning tell the News
 Of cheerful Spring, and welcome Day.
 The tender Lambs follow the bleating Ewes.

7.

The vernal Bloom adorns the fruitful Trees
 With various Dress; the soft and gentle Rains
 Begin with Flow'rs t' enammel all the Plains.

The Turtle with her Mate agrees:
 And wanton Nymphs with their enamour'd Swains.

8.

Thou art contriving in thy Mind, what State
 And Form becomes that mighty City best:
 Thy busie Head can take no gentle rest,
 For thinking on th' Events and Fate
 Of factious Rage, which has her long oppress'd.

9.

Thy Cares extend to the Remotest Shores
Of her vast Empire, how the *Persian* Arms;
Whether to *Bactrians* join their Troops; what Harms
From the *Cantabrians*, and the *Moors*,
May come, or the tumultuous *German* Swarms.

10.

But the Wise Pow'rs above, that all things know,
In sable Night have hid the Events and Train
Of future things; and with a just Disdain,
Laugh, when poor Mortals here below,
Fear without Cause, and break their Sleeps in vain.

11.

Think how the present thou may'st best compose,
With Equal Mind, and without endless Cares
For the unequal Course of State-affairs.

Like to the Ocean ebbs and flows,
Or rather like our neighb'ring *Tyber* fares.

12.

Now smooth and gentle thro' her Channel creeps,
With soft and easy Murmurs purling down;
Now swells and rages, threat'ning all to drown,
Away both Corn and Cattel sweeps,
And fills with Noise and Horror Fields and Town.

13. After

13.

After a while grown calm, retreats again
 Into her shady Beds, and softly glides;
 So *Jove* sometimes in Fiery Chariot rides,
 With Cracks of Thunder, Storms of Rain,
 Then grows serene, and all our Fears derides.

14.

He only lives content, and his own Man,
 Or rather Master, who each Night can say,
'Tis well, thanks to the Gods I've liv'd to day.

*This is my own, this never can,
 Like other Goods, be forc'd or stol'n away.*

15.

*And for to morrow, let me weep or laugh,
 Let the Sun shine, or Storms or Tempests ring,
 Yet 'tis not in the pow'r of Fates a thing*

*Should ne'er have been, or not be safe,
 Which flying Time has cover'd with her Wing.*

16.

Capricious *Fortune* plays a scornful game
 With Humane things, uncertain as the Wind:
 Sometimes to thee, sometimes to me is kind:

Throws about Honours, Wealth, and Fame,
 At random, heedless, humerous, and blind.

17.

He's wife, who, when she smiles, the Good enjoys,
And unallay'd with Fears of Future Ill ;
But if she frowns, e'en let her have her Will :

I can with ease resign the Toys,
And lie wrapt up in my own Vertue still.

18.

I'll make my court to honest Poverty,
An Easy Wife, altho' without a Dow'r ;
What Nature asks will yet be in my pow'r ;
For, without Pride, or Luxury,
How little serves to pass the fleeting Hour ?

19.

'Tis not for me, when Winds and Billows rise,
And crack the Mast, and mock the Seaman's Cares,
To fall to poor and mercenary Pray'rs ;
For fear the *Tyrian* Merchandise
Should all be lost, and not enrich my Heirs.

29.

I'll rather leap into the little Boat,
Which without flutt'ring Sails shall waft me o'er
The swelling Waves ; and then I'll think no more
Of Ship, or Freight ; but change my Note,
And thank the Gods that I am safe a shore.

HORACE.



HORACE.

BOOK IV. ODE V.

Imitated.

*Humbly address'd to His Grace the Duke of
MARLBOROUGH.*

*Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos Gentis, &c.*

1.

 Born, when Heav'ns propitious deign'd to smile,
 Thou best and bravest Champion of our Isle!
 Too long hast thou been absent from our sight.

Too long unhappy *Britains* mourn

Thy Slow Return,

And Senates wait to do their Conqu'ring General right.

2. Return

2.

Return, brave Prince, those radiant Beams restore,
That grac'd thy Country, when thou grac'dst its Shore;
For, like the Spring, when thy bright Aspect's seen,
It on the People darts its Rays,
And all the Land does smile, and all the Sky's serene.

3.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,
Whom the South Wind on Foreign Coasts detains,
Beyond his wonted and accusom'd Time,
From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,
And will not from the Shore avert her Face;
But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs,
Expensive of her briny Tears,
In hopes to see him reach his Native Clime.
Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,
Britain from *Germany* her *Marlborough* requires.

4.

Safe, by thy Presence, Oxen plow the Fields,
And *Ceres* with Increase her Blessings yields;
As every Project to our Wish succeeds;
While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
From *Gallia's* Naval Threats is free,
And Vertue grows in fashion from thy vertuous Deeds.

5.

To thee and to thy chaste Example's Due,
No Peer frequents the long neglected Stew;

That

That Parents by their Childrens Looks are known,
That Laws are put in force,
And Punishments come on of course,
When obstinate Offenders will those Laws disown.

6.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scot* ?
Or the dark Mischiefs false *Bavarians* plot ?
Who values the *Hungarian* or the *Sweed* ?
If *Marlborough's* free from Harms,
The World against us is in vain in arms ;
And in his Health alone *Britain's* from Danger freed.

7.

Thou but safe, we'll safely spend our days,
And undisturb'd will Plants and Flow'rs raise ;
Will lop the *Sycamore*, and prune the *Vine*,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home,
And toast our fam'd Defender's Health, by which we
[dine,

8.

To thee our Wishes and our Cups go round,
With many Vows and many Bumpers crown'd ;
While we to Royal *Anna's* join thy Name,
With the same Rev'rence to thy Praise,
As *Greece* in Ancient Days,
Shew'd to their *Castor's* or *Alcides'* deathless Fame.

9. O

O matchless Prince ! For so the Muse requests,
 Return, and lengthen our Thanksgiving-Fests,
 Extend them to an endless Round of Years;
 Or make one Holiday of Time;
 Till thou Cœlestial Regions climb,
 And leave us all disconsolate in Tears.

These are our Day-break Wishes when a-thirst we wake,
 And these our Sun-set Vows, when we full Bumpers take.

*Tibi summe Rheni Domitor, Parens Orbis,
 Pudice Princeps, gratias agunt Urbes.* Mart. L. ix.



O D E VII.

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE Snows are melted all away,
The Fields grow flow'ry, green, and gay,
The Trees put out their tender Leaves,
And all the Streams that went astray,
The Brook again into her Bed receives.

See! The whole Earth has made a change,
The Nymphs and Graces naked range
About the Fields, who shrunk before
Into their Caves. The empty Grange
Prepares its Room, for a new Summer's Store.

Left thou should'st hope Immortal things,
The changing Year instruction brings,
The fleeting Hour, that steals away
The Beggar's Time, and Life of Kings,
But ne'er returns them, as it does the Day.

The Cold grows soft with Western Gales,
The *Summer* over *Spring* prevails,
But yields to Autumn's fruitful Rain,
As this to *Winter-Storms* and Hails;
Each Loses the hasting Moon repairs again.

But

But we, when once our Race is done,
With *Tullus* and *Anchises*' Son
(Tho' rich like one, like t'other good)
To Dust and Shades, without a Sun,
Descend, and sink in deep Oblivion's Flood.

Who knows, if the kind Gods will give
Another Day to Men that live
In hope of many distant Years,
Or if one Night more shall retrieve
The Joys thou losest by thy idle Fears?

The pleasant Hours thou spend'st in Health,
The use thou mak'st of Youth and Wealth,
As what thou giv'st among thy Friends,
Escapes thy Heirs, to those the Stealth
Of Time and Death, where Good and Evil ends.

For when that comes, nor Birth, nor Fame,
Nor Piety, nor honest Name,
Can e'er restore thee. *Theseus* bold,
Nor chaste *Hippolitus* could tame
Devouring Fate, that spares nor Young nor Old.



O D E VII.

By another Hand.

W Inter's dissolv'd, behold a World's new Face!
How Grass the Ground, how Leaves their
[Branches grace.

That Earth which wou'd not to the Plough-share yield,
Is softer now, and easy to be till'd.

And frozen Streams, thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
With whisp'ring Murmurs in their Channels run:

The naked Nymphs and Graces dance around,
And o'er the flow'ry Meadows nimbly bound;

The Months that run on Time's immortal Wheels,
The Seasons, treading on each others Heels.

The winged Hours that swiftly pass away,
And spitefully consume the smiling Day,
Tells us, that all things must with them decay.

The Year rolls round us in a constant Ring,
And sultry Summer wastes the milder Spring;
Whose hot Meridian quickly over past,

Declines to *Autumn*, which, with bount'ous haste,
Comes crown'd with Grapes, but suddenly is crost,
Cold Winter nips his Vintage with a Frost.

The Moon renews its Orb, to shine more bright;
But when Death's Hand puts out our mortal Light,
With us alas, 'tis ever ever Night!

With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we shall be,
And the brave Souls of Vanish'd Heroes see.

Who

Who knows if Gods above, who all things sway,
Will suffer thee to live another Day ?

Then please thy Genius, and betimes take care
To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.

When among Crowds of Ghosts thou shalt appear,
And from the Judge thy fatal Sentence hear,
Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all
That thou canst plead, can the past Doom recal.

Diana, tho' a Goddess, cannot take
Her chaste *Hippolitus* from *Lethe's* Lake.

Pirithous bound in Fetters must remain,

Theseus no more can break his adamantine Chain.



ODE IX.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

1.

Verses immortal as my Bays I sing,
 When suited to my trembling String :
 When by strange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
 To make one pleasing Harmony.
 All Poets are by their Blind Captain led :
 (For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
 To tear the well plac'd Laurel from his aged Head)
 Yet *Pindar's* rolling dithyrambick Tide
 Hath still this Praise, That none presume to fly
 Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
 Still does *Stesichorus* his Tongue
 Sing sweeter than the Bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
 Love from ev'ry Verse does flow :
 Still *Sappho's* Strings do seem to move,
 Instructing all her Sex to Love.

2.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair
 More than *Hellen* did insnare ;
 Others a Prince's Grandeur did admire,
 And wondring, melted to Desire.

K

Not

Not only skilful *Tenue* knew
To direct Arrows from the bended Yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall,
Was *Stenelus* the only valiant He,
A Subject fit for lasting Poetry?
Was *Hector*, that prodigious Man alone,
Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he so brave to dare his Fate,
And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?
No, others bury'd in Oblivion lye,
As silent as their Grave,
Because no charitable Poet gave
Their well-deserved Immortality.

3.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
Are levell'd in th' impartial Grave,
If they no Poet have.
But I will lay my Musick by,
And bid the mournful Strings in Silence lye;
Unless my Songs begin and end with you.
To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
No Pride does with your rising Honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant Crowds below.
Should Fortune change your Happy State,
You could admire, yet envy not the Great.
Your equal Hand holds an unbyass'd Scale,
Where no rich Vices, gilded Baits prevail.

You with a gen'rous Honeſty deſpiſe
 What all the Meaner World ſo dearly prize :
 Nor does your Vertue diſappear,
 With the ſmall Circle of one ſhort-liv'd Year :
 Others, like Comets, viſit and away ;
 Your Luſtre (great as theirs) finds no Decay,
 But with the conſtant Sun makes an Eternal Day.

4.

We barbarouſly call them bleſt,
 Who are of Largeſt Tenements poſſeſt,
 Whilſt ſwelling Coſſers break their Owner's Reſt.
 More truly happy thoſe who can
 Govern that little Empire, *Man* ;
 Bridle their Paſſions and direct their Will
 Thro' all the glitt'ring Paths of charming Ill ;
 Who ſpend their Treafure freely, as 'twas giv'n
 By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n ;
 Who in a Fixt Unalterable State,
 Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
 And ſcorn alike her Friendſhip and her Hate.

Who Poyſon leſs than Falſhood fear,
 Loth to purchaſe Life ſo dear :
 But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
 And ſeal their Country's Love with their Departing
 [Breath.

ODE IX.

By Mr. MANNING.

L *Isotta*, why so wond'rous coy,
When Youth invites to Pleasure?
Think you that 'Love's a Lasting Joy,
That one may taste at leisure?

Consider better, I advise,
The Question I am stating;
That *Beauty fades, Occasion flies,*
While you're the Point debating.

Tho' now insensible as fair,
And all my Vows disdaining,
You take delight in my Despair,
And mock my fond Complaining:

When Age shall seize you yet a Maid,
And all those lovely Tresses,
Where *Cupid* sits in ambuscade,
And scatters thousand Graces,

Shall fall defenceless from your Head,
And Love his Camp remove;
Those sparkling Eyes look sunk and dead,
That now so fatal prove:

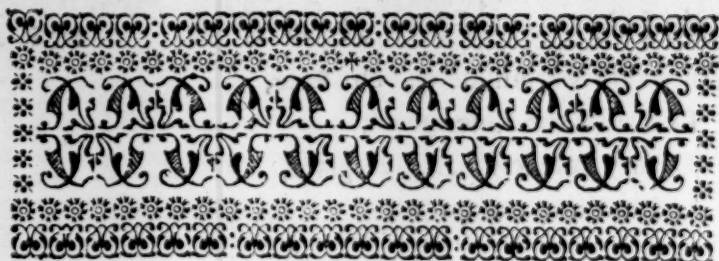
When

When that Vermillion on your Face,
That does the Rose outvy,
To deadly Paleness shall give place,
And lose its Crimson Dye.

Then (mark me) as the faithful Glass
The dismal Change betrays,
You'll cry, *How mad was I to pass*
So ill my youthful Days !

But oh, too late my Fault I own,
(None can past Youth renew)
I'm ever destin'd to bemoan
The Joys I never knew.





HORACE.

EPODE I.

1.

WHEN you, *Mæcenæ*s, with your Train,
T Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
E Expose your selves to the rough Main,
And *Cæsar*'s threat'ning Danger meet.
Whilst in ignoble Ease I'm left behind.
And shall I call you cruel, or too kind.

2.

Pastimes and Wine, which Verse inspire,
Are tasteless all, now you are gone,
Untun'd is both my Mind and Lyre.
And in full Courts I seem alone.

The

The Relish you to my Enjoyments give,
And *Life*, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly *live*.

3.

Then shou'd I a young Seaman grow,
And take a Cutlace in my Hand?
Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,
Or tread scorch'd *Africk's* treacherous Sand.
And I perhaps cou'd fight, or such as I,
Atleast, instead of Better Men, cou'd dye.

4.

You'll say what are my Pains to you?
I'm not for War and Action made:
Bid me my humble Care pursue,
Seek Winter-Sun and Summer-Shade:
Whilst both your great Example, and Commands,
Require more Active and Experienc'd Hands.

5.

If you say this, you never knew
Friendship, the Noblest Part of Love;
What for her Fawn can th' Old One do,
Or for her Young the timorous Dove:
They're more at ease, tho' helpless, being near,
And Absence, ev'n in Safety, causes Fear.

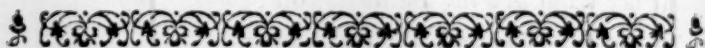
6.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,
To gain your Favour I wou'd take:
But don't what's said on *Vertue's* score,
For servile Flatt'ry mistake.

No City Palace, or large Country Seat,
I seek, nor aim so low as to be great.

7.

I never lik'd those restless Minds,
Which by mean Arts with mighty Pain,
Climb to the *Region* of the *Winds*,
Then of Court Hurricanes complain.
Kind Heav'n assures me I shall ne'er be poor,
And *of*——" be damn'd to encrease his Store.



E P O D E II.

HOW happy in his low Degree,
How rich in humble Poverty is he,
Who leads a Quiet Country Life!
Discharg'd of Bus'ness, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scrivener free.
(Thus e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,
Liv'd Men in Better Ages born,
Who plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their small paternal Field of Corn)
Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
Nor Dreams disturb his Morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.

The

The Clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wisely shuns,
Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor dar'd with Awe,
To Servile Salutations runs :
But either to the clasping Vine
Does the supporting Poplar wed,
Or with his Pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more Happy Branches in their stead :
Or climbing to a hilly Steep,
He views his Herds in Vales afar,
Or sheers his over-burthen'd Sheep,
Or Mead for cooling Drink prepares,
Of Virgin-honey, in the Jars :
Or in the now Declining Year,
When bount'ous *Autumn* rears his Head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And clust'ring Grapes with Purple spread.
The Fairest of his Fruit he serves,
Priapus, thy Rewards :
Sylvanus too his Part deserves.
Whose Care the Fences guards,
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
Or on the matted Grass he lies ;
No God of Sleep he need invoke,
The Stream that o'er the Pebbles flies,
With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes :

The Wind that whistles thro' the Sprays,
Maintains the Consort of the Song;
And hidden Birds with native Lays,
The golden Sleep prolong,
But when the Blast of Winter blows,
And hoary Frost inverts the Year,
Into the naked Woods he goes,
And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear :
Or spreads his subtil Nets from Sight,
With twinkling Glasses to betray
The Larks that in the Marshes light ;
Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.
Amidst his harmless easy Joys,
No anxious Care invades his Health,
Nor Love his Peace of Mind destroys,
Nor wicked Avarice of Wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,
To ease the Bus'ness of his Life,
Divides with him his household Care,
Such as the *Sabine* Matrons were,
Such as the Swift *Apulian's* Bride ;
Sun burnt and swarthy tho' she be,
Will Fire for Winter Nights provide,
And without Noise will oversee
His Children and his Family ;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and over-labour'd, home ;

the in Pens his Flocks will fold,
And then produce her Dairy Store,
With Wine to drive away the Cold,
And unbought Dainties of the Poor.
At Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake,
My sober Appetite would wish,
Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fish
That rolling Tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly Dish.
At *Heathpawt*, or the rarer Bird,
Which *Phasis*, or *Ionia* yields,
More Pleasing Morsels wou'd afford
Than the fat Olives of my Fields;
Or Shards or Mallows for the Pot,
That keep the loosen'd Body sound,
Than the Lamb that falls by Lot,
To the just Guardian of my Ground.
Midst these Feasts of happy Swains,
The jolly Shepherd smiles to see
His Flocks returning from the Plains;
The Farmer is as pleas'd as he,
To view his Oxen sweating Smoke,
Or on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke;
To look upon his menial Crew,
That sit around his cheerful Hearth,
And Bodies spent in Toil renew,
With wholesome Food and Country Mirth.

This

This *Morecraft* said within himself;
 Resolv'd to leave this wicked Town,
 And live retir'd upon his own.

He call'd his Money in :
 But the prevailing Love of Pelf,
 Soon split him on the Former Shelf,
 And put it out again.



E P O D E XV.

To his Perjur'd Mistress.

By Mr. T. YALDEN.

Nox erat, & Cælo fulgebat Luna Sereno,

IT was one Evening, when the rising Moon
 Amidst her Train of Stars distinctly shone :
 Serene and calm was the inviting Night,
 And Heav'n appear'd in all its Lustre bright ;
 When you, *Nears*, you, my Perjur'd Fair,
 Did to abuse the Gods and me prepare :
 'Twas then you swore — Remember faithless Maid
 With what endearing Arts you then betray'd ;
 Remember all the tender things that past,
 When round my Neck your willing Arms were cast ;

the circling *Ivies*, when with *Oaks* they join,
 them loose, and coy, to those fond Arms of thine.

Believe, you cry'd, *this solemn Vow*, believe

the Noblest Pledge that Love and I can give :

if there's ought more sacred here below,

that confirm my Oath to Heav'n and you.

Ne'er my Breast a Guilty Flame receives,

covers Joys but what thy Presence gives ;

every injur'd Power assert thy Cause,

and Love avenge his Violated Laws :

While cruel Beasts of Prey infest the Plain,

and Tempests rage upon the faithless Main :

While Sighs and Tears shall list'ning Virgins move,

long ye Pow'rs will fond Næra love.

Ah faithless Charmer, lovely perjur'd Maid !

rethus my Vows and gen'rous Flame repaid ?

Repeated Slights I have too tamely bore,

still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.

Why do I listen to that Syren's Voice,

love ev'n thy Crimes, and fly to Guilty Joys !

Thy fatal Eyes my best Resolves betray,

thy Fury melts in soft Desires away :

Each Look, each Glance, for all thy Crimes atone,

clude my Rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd Soul dares yet be brave,

unless I'm fond of Shame, confirm'd a Slave,

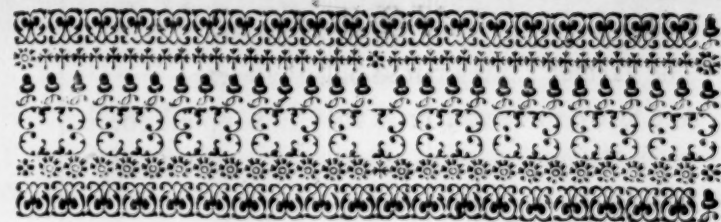
will be deaf to that enchanting Tongue,

Nor on thy Beauties gaze away my Wrong.

At

At length I'll loath each prostituted Grace,
 Nor court the Leavings of a cloy'd Embrace;
 But shew with Manly Rage, my Soul's above
 The cold Returns of thy exhausted Love.
 Then thou shalt justly mourn at my Disdain,
 Find all thy Arts and all thy Charms in vain :
 Shalt mourn, whilst I, with nobler Flames pursue
 Some Nymph as fair, tho' not unjust as you ;
 Whose Wit and Beauty shall like thine excell,
 But far surpass in Truth, and Loving well.

But wretched thou, whoe'er my Rival art,
 That fondly boasts an Empire o'er her Heart :
 Thou that enjoy'st the fair inconstant Prize,
 And vainly triumph'st with my Victories ;
 Unenvy'd now o'er all her Beauty's rove,
 Enjoy thy Ruin and *Neera's* Love :
 Tho' Wealth and Honour grace thy nobler Birth,
 To bribe her Love, and fix a wand'ring Faith :
 Tho' ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Vertue join,
 T'inrich thy Mind, and make thy Form divine :
 Yet blest with endless Charms, to soon you'll prove
 The Treacheries of false *Neera's* Love.
 Lost, and abandon'd by th' ungrateful Fair,
 Like me you'll love, be injur'd, and despair ;
 When left th' unhappy Object of her Scorn,
 Then shall I smile to see the Victor mourn,
 Laugh at thy Fate, and triumph in my Turn.



HORACE.

SATYR I.

By Mr. HORNECK.

Hence is't, *Mæcenaz*, that so few approve
The State they're plac'd in, and incline to rove.
Whether against their Will, by Fate impos'd,
Or by Consent and prudent Choice espous'd.
Happy the Merchant! The old Soldier cries,
Broke with Fatigues, and warlike Enterprize.
The Merchant, when the dreadful Hurricane
Tosses his wealthy Cargo on the Main,
Applauds the Wars and Toils of a Campaign.
There an Engagement soon decides your Doom,
Bravely to dye, or come victor'ous home.
The Lawyer vows the Farmer's Life is best,
When, at the Dawn, the Clients break his Rest. The

The Farmer having put in bail t' appear,
 And forc'd to Town, cries they're happiest there :
 With Thousands more of this inconstant Race,
 Would tire *Fabius* to relate each Case.

Not to detain you longer, pray attend
 The Issue of all this ; Should *Jove* descend,
 And grant to ev'ry Man his rash Demand,
 To run his lengths with a neglectful hand ;
First, Grant the harass'd Warrior a release,
 Bid him go trade, and try the faithiefs Seas,
 To purchase Treasure and declining Ease.
 Next call the Pleader from his learned Strife,
 To the calm Blessings of a Country Life :
 And, with these sep'rate Demands, dismiss
 Each Suppl'ant to enjoy the promis'd Bliss.
 Don't you believe they'd run ? Not one will move,
 Tho' proffer'd to be happy from above.
 Were it not just that *Jove*, provok'd to Heat,
 Shou'd drive these Triflers from the Hallow'd Seat.
 And unrelenting stand when they intreat.

Bnt not to pass this Subject as in jest,
 Tho' serious Truths may with a Smile be dress'd ;
 As your indulgent Masters use to teach
 Their hum'rous Scholars the first Parts of Speech ;
 Soothing with Plumbs and Cakes th' unpleasant Noise,
 And soft'ning the harsh Lines with that Disguise.

Now

Now to be grave. The Farmer's early Care,
 The Vintner's Craft, the Sold'ers Scanty Fare,
 The Sailor's Shocks by Sea, and Change of Air,
 Center in this, *To quit the Stage at last,*
And reap the Harvest of their Labours past.

Vainly proposing to themselves, when gain'd
 An Easy Competence, they'll stop their hand :
 Taking their measure from the Emmet's Toil,
 Who rakes from ev'ry Stack to heap the Pile,
 Appriz'd and wary of the Future Ill.

Who when *Aquarius* bodes the Season's Change,
 Safe in his Hoards, he's never known to range ;
 When neither Solstice Heat, or Winter Frost,
 Swords, Fire, the Sea's united Host,
 Can check your raging Lust of Gain,
 Till equal to the Best in Wealth and Train.

What profits burying so much Coin and Plate,
 Fearful to lose, if it should circulate ?
 But you'll reply, If oncc a Bag is broke,
 It dwindles, and insensibly goes off.

But if you never lessen the vast Store,
 You're still amidst these golden Mountains poor.
 What if a Thousand Quarters of thresh'd Wheat
 Lye on your Floors, you more than I can't eat ;
 And all can but suffice your Appetite :
 Just as the Slave who's loaded with the Sack,
 Shares no more Bread than the Unfurnish'd Back.

Or pray convince me, where's the odds 'twixt one
 Who, within Narrow Bounds confin'd, has sown
 His Fifty Acres, and the Man who ploughs
 Thousands with greedy Hands, and empty Vows?
 Ay, but 'tis pleasant, from the Full-pil'd Heap,
 To draw at leisure, and Full Garners keep,
 Whilst we with Care must lessen what we reap.
 Why should your Granaries be valu'd more
 Than my poor Basket with its humble Store?
 As if when Thirst does but one Glass require,
 I shou'd in spacious Floods abate the Fire,
 And not with Lesser Goblets quench Desire.
 To him they're odly bigger in conceit,
 Like those who much prefer to what is fit.
 When the swift *Aufid* by Land-floods supply'd,
 Rolls Banks with loosen'd Trees along the Tide.
 He that can live on Nature's slender Meal,
 Drinks the pure *Nectar* of the neighb'ring Well,
 Nor trusts his Fortune on a Faithless Keel.

But most impos'd on by a Vicious Taste,
 Fancy their Treasures never swell too fast,
 For as the World goes, all the court that's shewn,
 Is in proportion to the Wealth you own.
 What wou'd you say to such? They're free
 To live so, since they like the Slavery.
 As one at *Athens* miserably rich,
 Answer'd their Satyrs with this careless Speech:

*The People hiss me, but I clap my self,
When I entrench'd at home, count o'er my Pelf.*

The thirsty *Tantalus*, amidst the Floods,
Striving to quench his Drought——
But why a Simile I beg you? Change the Name;
The Story fits you, and you're just the same;
Whilst snatching at your Bags you Slumbers steal,
Thinking it Sacrilege to break the Seal;
And in reality no more possess,
Than Pictures you admire, but not care for.

Perhaps thou art ignorant of what use
Thy Money is, and that is thy Excuse :
Buy Bread and Herbs, and a brisk Charge of Wine,
To these some other Necessaries join,
Without which languid Nature must decline.
Is't pleasant think you, to be hourly scar'd ?
Jealous of Thieves, and of your Household Guard,
Lest they should strip you, and file of unheard.
If these are the sole Blessings which await
The Miser's Life, grant me the Meanest Fate!

You'll urge perhaps a Cold may seize your Head,
Or Chronique Case confine you to your Bed,
Then your Wealth's useful to procure a Friend,
A Nurse to chase, Physicians to attend
The Crisis, and restore you in the end.

But still your Wife and the expecting Heir,
 Think ev'ry Minute long till you expire,
 And all your Neighbours second the Desire.
 Don't wonder, when you prize your Gold above
 All Friends, you meet with such indiff'rent Love.
 If by no Marks of Bounty you retain
 Kindred and Friends, you act as much in vain,
 As if you'd teach an Ass t' obey the Rein.

Cease now, at last, thus rich, to covet more,
 When there's so little fear of being poor,
 Learn to be easy, and renounce all Claim
 To Further Wealth, when you have got your aim:
 Not like *Umidius*, who, the Story says,
 Measur'd his Money, but withal so base,
 That he went always cloathed like a Slave,
 Dreading to starve before he reach'd the Grave :
 But a Virago of his Family
 Eas'd with an Ax his Fears, and set him free.

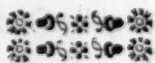
What do y' advise me ? To turn Prodigal,
 And by Debauches quickly run out all ?
 You press a Character so opposite,
 As with my frugal one will ne'er unite.
 No : But when I your sordid Temper blame,
 I'd neither have you squander Wealth or Fame.
 'Twixt two Extremes there is a Golden Mean,
 Which to this Side or that must never lean ;

If once those narrow Boundaries are crost,
Our Notions of what's right and just are lost.
But to resume the Point;

Is it not strange that none are really blest
More than the Niggard, but as void of Rest,
Thinking another's Fortune still the best.
Pine 'cause their Neighbours Cattle hourly thrive,
And full stretch'd Dugs a Larger Shower give;
Disdain to size among the Middle Sort,
But strive to mount o'er his great Man at Court;
Whilst still there's one more pow'ful in Sway,
O'ertakes them in their Course, and blocks their Way,
As when Two Char'ots from the Bars releas'd,
The Hindmost Driver presses on his Beast,
'Till, past his Rival, he commands the Plain,
And in Derision holds a sportive Rein.

From this Inconstancy we rarely find,
One that has liv'd agre'ble to his Mind,
Contented with the Years he has possess'd
Retires without Disturbance from Life's Feast,
And drops asleep like a Well-sated Guest.

Not one Word more, lest you shou'd think I've stole
A tedious Lesson from blind *Crispin's* Roll.



SATYR II.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I Was at first, a Piece of Fig-tree Wood,
 And long an honest Joiner pond'ring stood,
 Whether he shou'd employ his shaping Tool
 To make a God of me, or a Joint-stool;
 Each Knob he weigh'd, on ev'ry Inch did plod,
 And rather chose to turn me to a God.
 As a *Priapus* hence I grew ador'd,
 The Fear of ev'ry Thief, and ev'ry Bird.
 The Rascals from their pilf'ring Tricks desist,
 And dread each wooden Finger of my Fist.
 The Reeds stuck in my Cap the Peckers fright,
 From our new Orchards far they take their flight,
 And dare not touch a Pippin in my sight,

When any of the Rabble did de cease,
 They brought 'em to this Place to stink in peace.
 Un-noisome here the Snuffs of Rogues went out,
 'Twas once a common Grave for all the Rout.
 Loose *Nomentanus* left his Riots here,
 And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.
 Nor in these Pit-holes might they put a Bone,
 Cou'd lye beneath a Dunghil of its own.

But now the Ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and vital is the Air :
Myrtle and Orange Groves the Eye delight,
Where Skulls and Shanks did mix a Ghastly Sight.

While here I stand the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Jays are half the Grievances,
As are those Hags, who, diligent in Ill,
Are either poys'ning or bewitching still.
These I can neither hurt nor terrify,
But ev'ry Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt these Allies with their Shrieks and Groans,
And pick up Baneful Herbs and Humane Bones.

I saw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair ;
With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,
Their hideous Howlings shook the trembling Ground.
A Paleness, casting Horror round the Place,
Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haste :
A coal-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore :
By this they force the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell,
And Answers to their wild Demands compel.

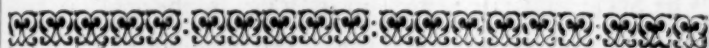
Two Images they brought of Wax and Wool,
 The Waxen was a Little puling Fool,
 A chidden Image, ready still to skip,
 Whene'er the Woollen one but snapt his Whip,
 On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls.
 A Thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the Ground,
 And Hell-hounds compass'd all the Gardens round.
 Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight,
 The Moon skulk'd down, or out of Shame, or Fright.

May every Crow, and Cuckow, if I lye,
 Aim at my Crown as often as they fly:
 And never miss a Dab, tho' ne'er so high.
 May Villain *Julius*, and his Rascal Crew,
 Use me with just such Ceremony too.

But how much Time and Patience wou'd it cost,
 To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghost?
 Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame scrapes
 And hides the Beards of Wolves, and Teeth of Snakes.
 While on the Fire the Waxen Image fries.

Vext to the Heart to see their Sorceries,
 My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprites, my Guts,
 My Fig-tree Bowels wambled at the Sluts.
 Mad for Revenge, I gather'd all my Wind,
 And bounc'd like Fifty Bladders from behind.

Scar'd with the Noise they scud away to Town,
While *Sagana's* false Hair comes dropping down :
Canidia tumbles o'er, for Want of Breath,
And scatters from her Jaws her Set of Teeth ;
I almost burst to see their Labours crost,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils lost.



SATYR X.

Nempe Incomposito dixi Pede currere Versus
Lucili——

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted, I said *Dryden's* Rhimes
Were stoln, unequal, nay, dull many times.
What foolish Patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this ?
But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down
With *Wit and Learning*, justly please the Town,
In the same Paper I as freely own :
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy Mass
That stuffs up his Loose Volumes must not pass ;
For by that Rule one might as well admit
Crown's tedious Scenes for *Poetry and Wit*.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your *false Sense*
Hits the *false Judgment* of an Audience
Of clapping Fools assembling, a vast Crowd,
Till the throng'd Play-house crack with the dull Load :
Tho'

Tho' ev'n that Talent merits in some sort,
 That can divert the *Rabble* and the *Court* :
 Which *blund'ring Settle* never cou'd attain,
 And *puzzling Otway* labours at in vain.
 But within due Proportion circumscribe
 Whate'er you write ; that with a flowing tide
 The Style may rise ; yet, in its Rise, forbear,
 With Useless Words, t' oppress the weary'd Ear.
 Here by your Language Lofty ; there more light ;
 Your *Rhetorick* with your *Poetry* unite ;
 For Elegance-sake sometimes allay the Force
 Of Epithet ; 'twill soften the Discourse :
 A *Jest* in *Scorn* points out, and hits the thing
 More home than the Morosest Satyr's Sting.
Shakespear and *Johnson* did in *this* excell,
 And might herein be imitated well ;
 Whom refin'd *Esberidge* copies not at all,
 But is himself a meer *Original* :
 Nor that *slow Drudge* in *swift Pindaric* Strains
Flatman, who *Cowley* imitates with Pains,
 And rides a *Faded Muse*, whipt, with *Loose Reins*.
 When *Lee* makes *Temp'rate Scipio* fret and rave,
 And *Hanibal* a *Whining Am'rous Slave*,
 I laugh, and with the hot-brain'd *sustain Fool*
 In *Busby's* hands, to be well lash'd at School.
 Of all our Modern Wits, none seem to me
 Once to have touch'd upon true *Comedy*,
 But hasty *Shadwell* and *slow Wycberley*.

Shadwell's unfinished Works do yet impart
 Great Proofs of Force of *Nature*, none of *Art*;
 With Just Bold Strokes he dashes here and there,
 Shewing *Great Mastery* with *Little Care*;
 Scorning to varnish his *Good Touches* o'er,
 To make the *Fools* and *Women* praise him more.
 But *Wycherley* earns hard whate'er he gains;
 He wants no *Judgment*, and he spares no *Pains*;
 He frequently excels, and, at the least,
 Makes fewer Faults than any of the rest.
Waller, by *Nature* for the Bays design'd,
 With *Force*, and *Fire*, and *Fancy*, unconfin'd,
 In *Panegyrick* does excel Mankind.
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
 To praise great *Conquerors*, and flatter *Kings*.
 For pointed Satyr I would *Buckhurst* chuse,
 The Best *Good Man*, with the *Worst-natur'd* Muse.
 For *Songs* and *Verses* mannerly obscene,
 That can stir *Nature* up by Springs unseen,
 And, without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen;
Scdley has that prevailing gentle Art,
 That can with a *Resistless Pow'r* impart
 The *Loofest* Wishes to the *Chasteft* Heart;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
 Betwixt declining Vertue and Desire,
 Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of Wit,
 For he to be a Tearing Blade thought fit;

But

But when he would be *sharp* he still was *blunt*,
 To Frisk and Frolick *Fancy* he'd cry ———
 Wou'd give the *Ladies* a Dry Bawdy Bob,
 And thus he got the Name of *Poet Squab*.
 But, to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found,
 His *Excellencies* more than *Faults* abound;
 Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear
 The Laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not *Dryden* find ev'n *Johnson* dull,
Beaumont and *Fletcher* incorrect, and full
 Of *Lewd Lines*, as he calls them? *Shakespeare's* Style
 Stiff and affected? To *his own*, the while,
 Allowing all the *Justice*, that his *Pride*
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
 And may not I have Leave Impartially
 To search and censure *Dryden's* Works, and try
 If those gross Faults his *choice Pen* does commit,
 Proceed from Want of *Judgment* or of *Wit*?
 Or, if his lumpish *Fancy* does refuse
 Spirit and Grace to his loose flattern Muse,
 Five Hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ,
 Prove him no more a Poet than a Wit;
 Such *Scribbling Authors* have been seen before,
Mustapha, the *Island Princess*, Forty more,
 Were things perhaps compos'd in Half an Hour.
 To write what may securely stand the test
 Of being well read over thrice at least.

Compare

Compare each Phrase, examine ev'ry Line,
 Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought refine;
 Scorn all *Applause* the *Vile Rout* can bestow,
 And be content to please *those few who know*.
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
 To with thy Works may make a *Play-house* ring
 With the *unbinking Laughter* and *poor Praise*
 Of Fops and Ladies, factious for thy Plays?
 Then send a cunning Friend to learn thy Doom,
 From the Shrewd Judges in the Drawing-room.
 I've no ambition on that idle score,
 But say with *Betty Morris* heretofore,
 When a Court-Lady call'd her *Buckhurst's Whore*:
I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too;
Let all the Coxcombs dance to bed to you.
 Shou'd I be troubl'd, when the *purblind Knight*,
 Who squints more in his *Judgment* than his *Sight*,
 Picks *filly Faults*, and censures what I write:
 Or when the Poor-fed Poets of the Town,
 For *Scraps* and *Coach room* cry my Verses down?
 I loath the Rabble; 'tis enough for me,
 If *Sedley, Shadwell, Sheppard, Wycherley,*
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
 And some few more, whom I omit to name,
 Approve my Sense; I count their *Censure Fame*.

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HORACE.

BOOK I. EPISTLE II.

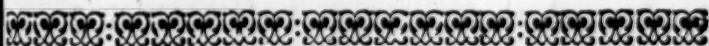
Part of it beginning at Non Domus & Fundus,
non Æris Acervus & Auri, &c.

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

FOR House, nor Lands, nor Heaps of Plate, or
[Gold,
Can cure a Fever's Heat, or Ague's Cold ;
Much less a Mind with Grief or Care oppress :
No Man's Possessions e'er can make him blest,
That is not well himself, and sound at Heart ;
Nature will ever be too strong for Art.

Whoever

Whoever feeds vain Hopes, or fond Desires,
 Distracting Fears, wild Love, or jealous Fires,
 Is pleas'd with all his Fortunes, like Sore Eyes
 With curious Pictures; Gouty Legs and Thighs
 With Dancing; or Half-dead and Aking Ears
 With Musick, while the Noise he hardly hears.
 For if the Cask remains unsound or sow'r,
 Be the Wine ne'er so rich you pour,
 'Twill take the Vessel's Taste, and lose its own,
 And all you fill were better let alone.



EPISTLE X.

From I. S. to C. S.

HHealth to my Friend, who loves the Town so well;
 Health from his Friend, who loves his Country
 [Cell.

In all but this we're like Twin-Brother-Doves,
 What one dislikes the other disapproves,
 And *Covent-Garden-Cooing* but divides our Loves.
 Thou keep'st the Billing Nest, I range the Fields,
 And taste what uncorrupted Nature yields;
 Riot in Flow'rs, and wanton in the Woods,
 Bask on the mossy Banks, and skim the Floods;
 In short, I live and reign, and joy to see
 My self from thy Mistaken Blessings free.

And

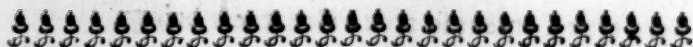
And, as the Slave the *Flamen's* Surfeits fled,
Nauseate the Honey-Cakes, and feast on Bread:
If Happiness of Life be worth our Care,
And he who builds, should nicely chuse his Air;
Tell me a Place which with the Country vies,
In easy Blessings and in native Joys:
Where Cheerful Heats deceive the Cold so well,
Or gentle Gales the raging Heat repel:
When both the *Lyon* and the *Dog* conspire,
With furious Rays to set the Day on fire.
Or where, ah where, but here, can Sleep maintain
(That Slave in Courts) her soft imperial Reign?
Is *Parian Marble*, press'd beneath thy Feet,
More beautiful than *Flow'rs*, or half so sweet?
Or Water roaring thro' the bursting Lead.
So pure as gliding in its easy Bed?
Who builds in Cities yet the Fields approves,
And hedges in with Pillars awkward Groves:
Strives for the Country View that farthest runs,
And tweers aloof at Beauties which he shuns.
In driving Nature out our Force is vain,
Still the recoiling Goddess comes again;
And creeps in silent Triumph to deride
The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride.
An Ignorant and Uncomparing Fop
Is cheated less in any Mercer's Shop,
Than he who cannot with a Wary Eye
Distinguish *Happiness* from *Vanity*.

Who *prosp'rous* *Chance* too eagerly embrace,
 Feel Double Pangs in her Averted Face.
 You once must leave what you so much admire ;
 Ah, wisely now, and willingly retire !
 Forsake the gaudy Tinsel of the Great ;
 The peaceful Cottage beckons a Retreat ;
 Where true Content so true a Greatness brings,
 As flights their Fav'rites, and as pities Kings.
 The Stag and Horse in Common Pasture fed,
 Till Jars ensu'd, and Heels oppos'd to Head ;
 But Horns are Lucky things ; and Palfry fled ;
 Foaming for Spite (and Passion is a Wit)
 He fought for Man, and kindly took the Bit ;
 But when he fully had reveng'd the Cause,
 The Spurs still gall'd his Sides, the Curb his Jaws.
 Just so the Man who had his Freedom sold
 (The Nobler Riches) for insulting Gold ;
 His Back beneath a jaunting Rider lays,
 Hackney'd and spurr'd thro' all his slavish Days.
 Whose Fortune is not fitted to his Will,
 Too great or little, he's uneasy still.
 Our Shoes and Fortune surely are ally'd,
 We limp in Strait, and stumble in the Wide.
 Then wisely take what Chance and Fate afford ;
 Nor wish for more ; I know thou wilt not hoard ;
 And when I labour for the sordid Gains,
 Or heap the Trash ; upbraid me for my Pains :

M

It

It serves, or rules, where-ever Gold you find;
 But still the Varlet is a Slave by Kind.
 Receive this from thy Friend —
 Who laughs in *Kent*, from Care and Bus'ness free,
 And wanting nothing in the World but thee.



EPISTLE X.

Paraphrased.

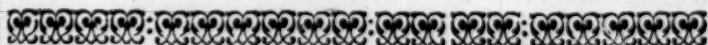
H Ealth from the Lover of the Country, *Me*;
 Health to the Lover of the City, *Thee*;
 A Diff'rence in our Souls this only proves,
 In all things else w' agree like marry'd Doves.
 But the warm Nest and crouded Dove-house thou
 Dost like; I loosely fly from Bough to Bough;
 And Rivers drink, and all the shining Day,
 Upon fair Trees, and mossy Rocks I play:
 In fine I live and reign, when I retire
 From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
 Like one, at last, from the Priest's Service fled,
 Loathing the Honey'd Cakes, I long for Bread.
 Would I a House for Happiness erect,
 Nature it self should be the Architect:
 She'd build it more convenient than great,
 And doubtless in the Country chuse her Seat.

Is there a Place doth Better Helps supply,
Against the Wounds of Winter's Cruelty ?
Is there an Air that gentl'er doth assuage
The mad Cœlestial Dog's and Lion's Rage ?
Is it not there that Sleep (and only there)
Nor Noise without, nor Cares within does fear ?
Does Art thro' Pipes a Purer Water bring,
Than that which Nature strains into a Spring ?
Can all your Tap'stries, or your Pictures shew
More Beauties than in Herbs and Flow'rs do grow ?
Fountains and Trees our weary'd Pride do please,
Ev'n in the midst of gilded Palaces ;
And in your Towns that Prospect gives Delight,
Which opens round the Country to our Sight.
Men to the Good. from which they rashly fly,
Return at last, and their wild Luxury
Does but in vain with those true Joys contend,
Which Nature did to Mankind recommend.
The Man who changes Gold for burnish'd Brass,
Or small Right Gems for larger ones of Glass,
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the Trade,
Than he who sells a solid Good, to buy
The painted Goods of Pride and Vanity.
If thou be wise, no Glorious Fortune chuse,
Which 'tis but Pain to keep, yet Grief to lose :
For when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.

An Humble Roof, Plain Bed, and Homely Board;
More Clear Untainted Pleasures do afford,
Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings
To Kings, or to the Favorites of Kings.
The horned Deer, by Nature arm'd so well,
Did with the Horse in common Pasture dwell;
And when they fought, the Field it always won,
Till th' ambitious Horse begg'd Help of Man,
And took the Bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the Plain.
But never after could the Rider get
From off his Back, or from his Mouth the Bit.
So they, who Poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that Weight a Greater Burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their Equals have,
To cruel Masters they themselves enslave.
For Gold their Liberty exchange'd we see,
That fairest Flow'r which crowns Humanity.
And all this Mischief does upon them light,
Only because they know not how aright
That Great, but Secret Happiness to prize,
That's laid up, in a little, for the Wise.
That is the best and easiest Estate,
Which to a Man fits close, but not too strait;
'Tis like a Shoe, it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow, and too large, it overturns.
My dearest Friend, stop thy Desires at last,
And cheerfully enjoy the Wealth thou hast;

And

And if me still seeking for more you see,
 Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
 Money was made, not to command our Will,
 But all our Lawful Pleasures to fulfil.
 Shame and Wo to us, if we our Wealth obey :
 The Horse doth with the Horseman run away.



Precepts of Friendship and Conversation.

EPISTLE XVIII.

*Si bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
 Scurrantis Speciem prabere professus Amicus, &c.*

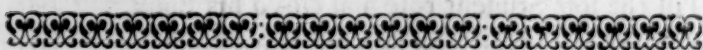
WHere *Lollius* does a gen'rous Friendship own,
 If well Experience has his Temper shewn,
 He dares not play the bant'ring pert Buffoon.
 No Matron's chaste Caresses differ more
 From fulsom Lewdness of a Suburb-Whore,
 Than the false Kindness Men of Plot pretend,
 From the true genuine Freedoms of a Friend.
 In some a diff'rent worse Extreme we see,
 A Rustick, Rude, Ill-natur'd Gravity,
 That stalks along, commended to your Sense,
 With Teeth all furr'd thro' nasty Negligence,
 And Beard as from another World he came,
 Affecting Dulness, Vertue bears the blame ;

By Moderation's Line calm Vertue flies,
 Strait is her Course, and all her Motions nice,
 Above, below, we rise or sink to Vice.
 Here at the Bottom of the Table plac'd,
 A Fawning, Grinning, Parasitic Guest,
 Sits to start Jest, himself the greatest Jest.
 So close observes he, and with so much Care,
 His wealthy Patron's Action, and his Air ;
 His Thoughts and Words, imperfect as they fall,
 The Knave so catches, so repeats them all ;
 As School-boys their neglected Lessons say,
 When, Clause by Clause, Gruff *Busby* leads the way ;
 Or raw Young Actors practise o'er their part,
 When *Powell* shews to laugh or cry with Art.
 There a sour Hero, his direct Reverse,
 Contends for Trifles, positive and fierce ;
 His Sense imposes with dogmatic Pride,
 Commands Assent, and will not be deny'd.
 And what's the Question ? How the Fencers play'd ?
 Which better fought, or understands his Trade
 Of Roads ? Or who by Dice and Whores undone ?
 Or whose fine Cloaths have his Estate out-run ?
 Who from pure Prudence hides the shining Oar ?
 Who from a Miser's greedy Thirst of more ?
 Be never with that curious Itch possess'd,
 Of racking Secrets from a thoughtful Breast ;

But

But when imparting Friendship makes them thine,
Revere and guard them as a Sacred Shrine,
By Frowns not frightened, nor betray'd by Wine.
Delights to which your private Fancy bends
Esteem, with due Submission to your Friends ;
Nor, when they call to hunt, the Sport refuse,
For dull Retirement, and a Cynick Muse :
This *Zethus* and *Amphion's* Friendship shook,
Till the soft Student rose and clos'd his Book,
Assum'd the Nets, and laid his Harp aside,
And with his Brother's rustick Soul comply'd.
Be easy, free, and cheerful in your Mien,
A modest Silence will be counted Spleen ;
Yet cautious what you speak ; and use your Care,
Well to distinguish a retentive Ear.
Avoid th' Inquisitive ; be this your Rule,
A Prying Coxcomb makes a Tatling Fool.
Commend not, till the Man is thoroughly known,
A Rascal prais'd, you make his Faults your own.
Conscious of Guilt, attempt not to defend.
Reserve that Favour for an Injur'd Friend,
Whom Malice or Mistake unjustly blame ;
You are the proper Guardian of his Fame ;
And this good Office may a grateful Mind,
In times to come, reward you for in kind.
Since Scandal and Ill Nature take their rounds,
And Falshood triumphs in Uncertain Bounds ;

Friendships with Men of Wealth and State and Pow'r,
 Can none but Unexperienc'd Minds allure :
 Those who the Favours of the Great have try'd,
 Dread their inconstant Smiles, and hate their Pride.
 Beware, my *Lollus*, lest the flatt'ring Gale,
 That sooths your Passage now, should quit your Sail :
 Lest adverse Winds should rise ; disturb the Main,
 And drive the Vessel to her Port again.



EPISTLE XVIII.

DEAR Friend, for surely I may call him so,
 Whodoth so well the Laws of Friendship know ;
 I'm sure you mean the Kindness you profess,
 And to be lov'd by you's a Happiness ;
 Not like him, who, with Eloquence and Pains,
 The specious Title of a Friend obtains ;
 And the next Day, to please some Man of Sense,
 Breaks Jest at his deluded Friend's expence :
 As Jilts, who by a quick compendious way,
 To gain New Lovers, do the Old betray.
 There is another Failing of the Mind,
 Equal to this, of a quite diff'rent kind ;
 I mean that rude uncultivated Skill
 Which some have got of using all Men ill ;
 Out of a zealous and unhewn Pretence
 Of Freedom and a vertuous Innocence,

Who

Who cause they cannot fawn, betray, nor cheat,
Think they may push and juggle all they meet ;
And blame whate'er they see, complain, and brawl.
And think their Vertues make amends for all.
They neither comb their Head, nor wash their Face,
But think their vertuous Nastiness a Grace ;
When as true Vertue in a *Medium* lies,
And that to turn to either hand's a Vice.
Others there are, who too obsequious grown,
Live more for others pleasure than their own ;
Applauding whatsoe'er they hear or see,
By a too Nauseous Civility ;
And if a Man of Title or Estate,
Doth some strange Story, true or false, relate,
Obsequiously they'll cringe, and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall ;
As School-boys follow what their Masters say,
Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.
Some Men there are so full of their own Sense,
They take the least Dispute for an Offence :
And if some wiser Friend their Heat restrains,
And says the Subject is not worth the Pains ;
Strait they reply, *What I have said is true,*
And I'll defend it against him and you ;
And if he still dares say 'tis not, I'll dye,
Rather than not maintain he says a Lye.
Now, would you see from whence these Heats arise,
And where th' important Contradiction lies ?

'Tis

'Tis but to know if, when a Client's preſt,
S — or *W* — pleads his Cauſe the beſt :
 Or if to *Windſor* he moſt Minutes gains,
 Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Stains* ;
 Who ſpends his Wealth at Pleaſure, and at Play,
 And yet affects to be well cloath'd and gay ;
 And comes to want, and yet dreads nothing more
 Than to be thought neceſſitous and poor :
 Him his rich Kinfman is afraid to ſee,
 Shuns like a Burthen to the Family ;
 And rails at Vices which have made him poor,
 Tho' he himſelf perhaps hath many more ;
 Or tells him wiſely, *Couſin have a care,*
And your Expences with your Rents compare ;
Since you inherit but a Small Eſtate,
Your Pleaſures, Couſin, muſt be moderate.
I know you think to buſſ and live like me ;
Couſin, my Wealth ſupports my Vanity :
But they who've Wit and not Eſtate enough,
Muſt cut their Coat according to their Stuff ;
Therefore forbear t' affect Equality ;
Forget you've ſuch a fooliſh Friend as me.
 There was a Courtier, who, to puniſh thoſe
 Who, tho' below him, he believ'd his Foes ;
 And more effectually to vent his Rage,
 Sent them Fine Cloaths, and a new Equipage ;
 For then the fooliſh Sparks courageous grown,
 Set up for roaring Bullies of the Town ;

Must go to Plays, and in the Boxes sit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
Till at the last their Coach and Horses spent,
Their Cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribbons rent:
Their Fortune chang'd, their Appetite the same;
And 'tis too late their Follies to reclaim;
They must turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their Pleasures at a cheaper Rate;
And 'midst their Dirty Mistresses and Wives,
Lead out the rest of their mistaken Lives.
Never be too inquisitive to find
The hidden Secrets of another's Mind;
For when you've torn one Secret from his Breast,
You run the risque of losing all the rest:
And if you should unimportun'd impart
His secret Thoughts, and trust you with his Heart,
Let not your Drinking, Anger, Pride, or Lust,
Ever invite you to betray the Trust.

First, Never praise your own Designs, and then
Ne'er lessen the Designs of other Men;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To set a Partridge, or to chase a Hare;
Beg he'd excuse you for this once. and say
You must go home, and study all the Day.
So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no Pleasures but his own,

Was

Was forc'd to give his Brother's Friendship o'er,
Or to resolve to touch his Lyre no more;
He chose the safest and the wisest way,
And to oblige his Brother left his Play.
Do you the same, and for the self-same end,
Obey your civil importuning Friend;
And when he leads his Dogs into the Plain,
Quit your untimely Labours of the Brain,
And leave your serious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal Pleasure on the Prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable Sport,
Lov'd in the Country, and esteem'd at Court;
Healthful to th' Body, pleasing to the Eye,
And practis'd by our old Nobility.
Who see you love the Pleasures they admire,
Will equally approve what you desire;
Such Condescension will more Friendship gain
Than the best Rules which your wise Books contain.
Talk not of others Lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where
For you don't only wound the Man you blame,
But all Mankind, who will expect the same.
Shun all Inquisitive and Curious Men;
For what they hear they will relate again.
And he who hath Impatient Craving Ears,
Hath a Loose Tongue to utter all he hears;
And Words like th' moving Air, of which they're fram'd,
When once let loose can never be reclaim'd.

Where

Where you've Access to a Rich Pow'rful Man,
Govern your Mind with all the Care you can;
And be not by your foolish Lust betray'd
To court his Cousin, or debauch his Maid;
Left with a Little Portion, and the Pride
Of being to the Family ally'd;
He gives you either; with which Bounty blest,
You must quit all Pretensions to the rest;
Or left incens'd at your Attempt, and griev'd
You should abuse the Kindness you receiv'd;
He coldly thwarts your impotent Desire,
Till you at last chuse rather to retire,
Than tempt his Anger any more, and so
Lose a great Patron, and a Mistress too.
Next, Have a care what Men you recommend
To th' Service or Esteem of your rich Friend;
Left for his Service or Esteem unfit,
They load you with the Faults which they commit.
But as the wisest Men, with all their Skill,
May be deceiv'd, and place their Friendship ill;
So when you see you've err'd, you must refuse
To defend those whom their own Crimes accuse.
But if thro' Envy of malicious Men;
They be accus'd, you must protect them then,
And plead their Cause your self; for when you see
Him you commend attack'd with Infamy,
Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim :
And

And when your Neighbour's House is set on fire,
You must his Safety as your own conspire.
Such hidden Fires, tho' in a Suburbs cast,
Neglected, may consume the Town at last.
They who don't know the Dangers which attend
The glitt'ring Court of a Rich Pow'ful Friend ;
Love no Estate so much, and think they're blest,
When they but make a leg among the rest ;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent Care
Do all its Honours and its Ills compare,
Fear to engage, lest, with their Time and Pain,
They lose more Pleasure than they hop'd to gain.
See you, that while your Vessel's under sail,
You make your best advantage of the Gale ;
Lest the Wind changes, and some Stormy Rain
Should throw you back to your first Port again.
You must endeavour to dispose your Mind
To please all Humours of a diff'rent kind ;
Whose Tempers serious, and their Humour sad,
They think all Blithe and Merry Men are mad ;
They who are merry, and of Humour free,
Abhor a sad and serious Gravity ;
They who are slow and heavy, can't admit
The Friendship of a quick and ready Wit ;
The Slothful hate the Busie Active Men,
And are detested by the same again.
They whose free Humour prompts them to be gay,
To drink all Night, to revel all the Day,

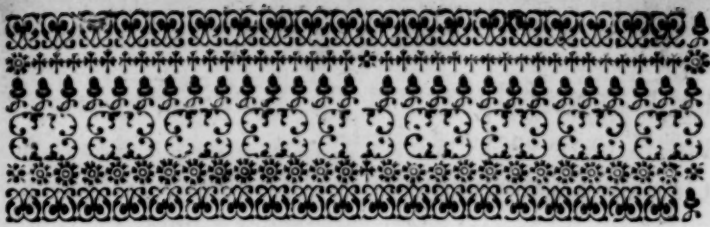
Abhor

Abhor the Man that can his Cups refuse,
Tho', his untimely Vertue to excuse,
He swears that one such merry drinking Feast
Would make him sick for a whole Week at least.
Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow ;
The Modest Men are thought obscure and low ;
And they who an affected silence keep,
Are thought to be the rigid, sour, and deep.
Amongst all other things do not omit
To search the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the Conversation of the Wise ;
In what true Happiness and Pleasure lies ;
Which are the safest Rules to live at ease,
And the best way to make all Fortunes please ;
Lest thro' the craving Hopes of gaining more,
And Fear of losing what you gain'd before,
Your poor unsatisfy'd misguided Mind,
To needy Wishes and false Joys confin'd,
Puts its free, boundless, searching Thoughts in chains,
And where it sought its Pleasures finds its Pains.
If Vertuous Thoughts, and if a Prudent Heart
Be given by Nature, or obtain'd by Art ;
What lessens Cares, the Mind's uneasy Pain,
And reconciles us to our selves again ;
Which doth the truest Happiness create,
Unblemish'd Honour or a great Estate,
Or a safe private Quiet, which betrays
It self to Ease, and cheats away the Days.

When

When I am at ——— where my kind Fate
Hath plac'd my little moderate Estate ;
Where Nature's Care hath equally employ'd
Its inward Treasures and its outward Pride ;
What Thoughts d'ye think those easy Joys inspire ?
What do you think I covet or desire ?
'Tis that I may but undisturb'd possess
The littl' I have, and if Heav'n pleases, less ;
That I to Nature and my self may give
The little Time that I have left to live ;
Some Books in which I some New Thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refresh my Mind ;
Some Horses, which may help me to partake
The lawful Pleasures which the Seasons make ;
An easy Plenty, which at least may spare,
The frugal Pains of a Domestick Care ;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love such an idle Life, and me ;
Then Heav'n give me but Life and Health, I'll find
A Grateful Soul and a Contented Mind.





HORACE.

Of the ART of POETRY.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

IF in a Picture (*Piſſo*) you ſhould ſee
I A handſom Woman with a Fiſh's Tail,
Or a Man's Head upon a Horſe's Neck,
Or Limbs of Beaſts of the moſt diff'rent Kinds,
Cover'd with Feathers of all ſorts of Birds,
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad ?
Truſt me that Book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent Style (like Sick Mens Dreams)
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extremes.
Painters and Poets have been ſtill allow'd
Their Pencils and their Fancies unconfin'd.
This Privilege we freely give and take ;

But Nature, and the common Laws of Sense,
 Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*.

Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,
 And hungry Tygers court the tender Lambs.
 Some that at first have promis'd Mighty things,
 Applaud themselves when a few Florid Lines
 Shine thro' th' insipid Dulness of the rest :

Here they describe a Temple or a Wood,
 Or Streams that thro' delightful Meadows run,
 And there the Rainbow and the rapid *Rhine* ;
 But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
 And are as much to seek in other things,

As he that only can design a Tree,
 Would be to draw a Shipwrack, or a Storm.
 When you begin with so much Pomp and Shew,
 Why is the End so little and so low ?

Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most Poets fall into the grossest Faults,
 Deluded by a Seeming Excellence :

By striving to be short, they grow obscure,
 And when they would write smoothly, they want
 [Strength.

Their Spirits sink ; while others, that affect
 A Lofty Style, swell to a Tympany ;
 Some tim'rous Wretches start at ev'ry Blaft,
 And fearing Tempest, dare not leave the Shore ;
 Others in love with wild Variety,
 Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood.

Thus Fear of erring, join'd with Want of Skill,
Is the most certain Way of erring still.

The Meanest Workman in th' *Æmilian* Square,
May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair;
But cannot finish what he hath begun.

What is there more ridiculous than he?

For one or two Good Features in a Face,

Where all the rest are scandalously ill,

Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let Poets match their Subject to their Strength,

And often try what Weight they can support,

And what their Shoulders are to weak to bear;

After a serious and judicious Choice,

Method and Eloquence will never fail.

As well the Force as Ornament of Verse,

Consists in chusing a fit Time for things,

And knowing when a Muse should be indulg'd

In her full Flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with Skill.

You gain your Point, if your industrious Art

Can make Unusual Words easy and plain;

But (if you write of things abstruse or new)

Some of your own inventing may be us'd

(So it be seldom and discreetly done)

But he that hopes to have New Words allow'd,

Must so derive them from the *Grecian* Spring,

As they may seem to flow without Constraint.

Can an impartial Reader discommend

In *Varus*, or in *Virgil*, what he likes
 In *Plautus* or *Cecilius*? Why should I
 Be envy'd for the little I invent,
 When *Ennius* and *Cato's* copious Style
 Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our Tongue?
 Men ever had, and ever will have Leave
 To coin new Words well suited to the Age.
 Words are like Leaves, some wither ev'ry Year,
 And ev'ry Year a younger Race succeeds.
 Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate;
 The *Lucrine* Mole (*Cæsar's* stupendious Work)
 Protects our Navies from the raging North;
 And (since *Cetbegus* drain'd the *Pontin* Lake)
 We plow and reap where Former Ages row'd.
 See how the *Tyber*, whose licentious Waves
 So often overflow'd the Neighb'ring Fields,
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
 Confin'd by our great Emperor's Command:
 Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot.
 Why then shou'd Words challenge Eternity,
 When greatest Men and greatest Actions dye?
 Use may revive the obsoletest Words,
 And banish those that now are most in vogue:
 Use is the Judge, the Law, and Rule of Speech.
Homer first taught the World, in *Epick* Verse,
 To write of great Commanders and of Kings;
 Elegies were at first design'd for Grief,
 Tho' now we use them to express our Joy;

But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,
Is undecided by the Men of Skill.
Rage with Iambicks arm'd *Archilochus*,
Numbers for Dialogue and Action fit,
And Favourites of the Dramatick Muse:
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding Sound
Awes the tumultuous Noises of the Pit,
And whose peculiar Province is the Stage.
Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns,
Love's pleasing Cares, and the free Joys of Wine,
Are proper Subjects for a Lyrick Song.
Why is he honour'd with a Poet's Name,
Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule;
And chuses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his Ignorance and learn.
Let ev'ry thing have its due Place and Time,
A Comick Subject loves an Humble Verse:
Thyestes scorns a Low and Comick Style:
Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her Voice,
And *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too lay by their State to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
Forget their Swelling and Gigantick Words.
He that would have Spectators share his Grief,
Must write not only well but movingly,
And raise Men's Passions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we see others do:

He only makes me sad, who shews the way,
 And first is sad himself: Then (*Telephus*)
 I feel the Weight of your Calamities,
 And fancy all your Miseries my own;
 But if you act them ill, I sleep, or laugh.
 Your Looks must alter, as your Subject does,
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe;
 For Nature forms, and softens us within,
 And writes our Fortune's Changes in our Face.
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous Rage transports,
 And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul;
 And these are all interpreted by Speech:
 But he whose Words and Fortunes disagree,
 Absurd, unpity'd, grows a publick Jest.
 Observe the Characters of those that speak,
 Whether an Honest Servant, or a Cheat;
 Or one whose Blood boils in his youthful Veins;
 Or a grave Matron, or a busie Nurse,
 Extorting Merchants, careful Husbandmen,
Argives, or *Thebeans*, *Asians*, or *Greeks*,
 Follow Report, or feign coherent things,
 Describe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,
 Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
 Scorning all Judges, and all Law, but Arms:
Medea must be all Revenge and Blood,
Ixo all Tears, *Ixion* all Deceit;
Io must wander, and *Orestes* mourn.
 If your bold Muse dare tread Unbeaten Paths,

And

And bring New Characters upon the Stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New Subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better chuse a Well known Theme,
Than trust to an Invention of your own ;
For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd and so improv'd,
That with some Justice it may pass for yours :
But then you must not copy Trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some servile Imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy Rules,
As they must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the Laws of Decency renounce :
Begin not as th' Old Po'taster did
(*Troy's famous War, and Priam's Fate I sing*)
In what will all this Ostentation end ?
The lab'ring Mountain scarce brings forth a Mouse.
How far is this from the *Mæonian* Style,
Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, such Change of Manners saw ?
One with a Flash begins, and ends in Smoke,
The other out of Smoke brings glorious Light ;
And (without raising Expectation high)
Surprizes us with darling Miracles.
The bloody *Lestrygon's* inhumane Feasts,
With all the Monsters of the Land and Sea ;

How *Scylla* bark'd, and *Polyphemus* roar'd :
He doth not trouble us with *Leda's* Eggs,
When he begins to write the *Trojan* War ;
Nor writing the Return of *Diomed*,
Go back as far as *Meleager's* Death.
Nothing is idle, each judicious Line
Insensibly acquaints us with the Plot ;
He chuses only what he can improve,
And Truth and Fiction are so aptly mix'd,
That all seems uniform, and of a piece.
Now hear what ev'ry Auditor expects ;
If you intend that he shou'd stay to hear
The Epilogue, and see the Curtain fall ;
Mind how our Tempers alter with our Years,
And by those Rules form all your Characters.
One that has newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves Childish Plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes ev'ry Hour his wav'ring Mind.
A Youth that first casts off his Tutor's Yoke,
Loves Horses, Hounds, and Sports, and Exercise.
Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
Gain and Ambition rule our Riper Years,
And make us Slaves to Int'rest and Power.
Old Men are only Walking Hospitals,
Where all Defects and all Diseases crowd,
With restless Pain, and more tormenting Fear ;
Lazy, morose, full of Delays and Hopes,

To overlook, and file, and polish well,
 Opprest with Riches which they dare not use ;
 Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
 And fond of all the Follies of the past.
 Thus all the Treasures of our flowing Years,
 Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.
 Boys must not have th'ambitious Care of Men,
 Nor Men the weak Anxieties of Age.
 Some things are acted; others only told ;
 But what we hear moves less than what we see :
 Spectators only have their Eyes to trust,
 But Auditors must trust their Ears and you :
 Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
 Which Men of Judgment only will relate :
Medea must not draw her murd'ring Knife,
 And spill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage ;
 Nor *Atreus* there his Horrid Feast prepare :
Cadmus and *Progne's Metamorphosis*
 She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake) •
 And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
 I hate to see, and never can believe.
 Five Acts are the just Measure of a Play.
 Never presume to make a God appear,
 But for a Business worthy of a God,
 And in one Scene no more than Three should speak.
 A *Chorus* should supply what Action wants,
 And hath a Generous and Manly Part ;
 Bridles wild Rage, loves rigid Honesty,
 And strict Observance of impartial Laws, Sobriety

Sobriety, Security, and Peace,
And begs the Gods to turn blind Fortune's Wheel,
To raise the Wretched, and pull down the Proud.
But nothing must be sung between the Acts,
But what some way conduces to the Plot.
First, The shrill Sound of a small rural Pipe
(Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was Entertainment for the Infant Stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful Audience
Of our well-meaning frugal Ancestors.
But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,
And Men (grown wanton by Prosperity)
Study'd New Arts of Luxury and Ease,
The Verse, the Musick, and the Scenes improv'd;
For how should Ignorance be Judge of Wit,
Or Men of Sense applaud the Jest of Fools?
Then came Rich Cloaths and Graceful Action in,
Then Instruments were taught more Moving Notes,
And Eloquence, with all our Poms and Charms,
Foretold as Useful and Sententious Truths,
As those deliver'd by the *Delphick* God,
The First Tragedians found that serious Style
Too grave for their uncultivated Age,
And so brought Wild and Naked Satyrs in,
Whose Motions, Words, and Shape, were all a Farce
(As oft as Decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable Rout,
Full of Confusion, and the Fumes of Wine,

Lov'd

Lov'd such Variety and antick Tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much,
To make a God, a Hero, or a King
(Stripp'd of his golden Crown, and purple Robe)
Descend to a Mechanick Dialect;
Not (to avoid such Meanness) soaring high,
With Empty Sound, and Airy Notions, fly;
For Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimick Follies of a Farce,
As a grave Matron would to dance with Girls.
You must not think that a Satyrick Style
Allows of Scandalous and Brutish Words,
Or the confounding of your Character.
Begin with Truth, then give Inventions scope;
And if your Style be natural and smooth,
All Men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much Pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good Method and Connexion may
Improve the common, and the plainest things.
A Satyr, that comes staring from the Woods,
Must not at first speak like an Orator;
But tho' his Language should not be refin'd,
It must not be obscene and impudent;
The Better Sort abhor Scurrility,
And often censure what the Rabble likes.
Unpolish'd Verses pass with many Men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that Point.
But then, to write at a loose rambling rate,

In hope the World will wink at all our Faults,
 Is such a rash, ill-grounded Confidence,
 As Men may pardon, but will never praise.
 Consider well the *Greek* Originals,
 Read them by Day, and think of them by Night.
 But *Plautus* was admir'd in former time,
 With too much Patience (not to call it worse)
 His harsh, unequal Verse, was Musick then,
 And Rudeness had the Privilege of Wit:
 When *Thespis* first expos'd the Tragick Muse,
 Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,
 Where ghastly Faces, stain'd with Lees of Wine,
 Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Crowd:
 This *Æschylus* (with Indignation) saw,
 And built a Stage, found out a Decent Dress,
 Brought Vizards in (à Civiler Disguise)
 And taught Men how to speak, and how to act.
 Next Comedy appear'd with great Applause,
 Till her Licentious and Abusive Tongue
 Waken'd the Magistrates coercive Power,
 And forc'd it to suppress her Insolence.
 Our Writers have attempted every Way,
 And they deserve our Praise, whose daring Muse
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,
 And found Fit Subjects for her Verse at home;
 Nor should we be less famous for our Wit,
 Than for the Force of our victorious Arms;
 But that the Time and Care, that are requir'd

To

Fright Poets from their necessary Toil.

Democritus was so in love with Wit,

And some Mens Natural Impulse to write,

That he despis'd the Help of Art and Rules,

And thought none Poets till their Brains were crack'd :

And this hath so intoxicated some

(That to appear incorrigibly mad)

They Cleanliness and Company renounce

For Lunacy, beyond the Cure of Art.

With a Long Beard, and ten Long dirty Nails,

Pass currant for *Apollo's* Livery.

O my unhappy Stars ! If in the Spring

Some Physick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,

None wou'd have writ with more Success than I ;

But I am satisfy'd to keep my Sense,

And only serve to whet that Wit in you :

To which I willingly resign my Claim.

Yet without writing, I may teach to write,

Tell what the Duty of a Poet is ;

Wherein his Wealth and Ornament consist.,

And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd ;

What fit, what not, what excellent or ill ;

Sound Judgment is the Ground of writing well :

And when Philosophy directs your Choice

To proper Subjects, rightly understood,

Words from your Pen will naturally flow :

He only gives the proper Characters,

Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,

And

And what we owe to Country, Parents, Friends,
 How Judges, and how Senators should act,
 And what becomes a General to do ;
 These are the likeliest Copies, which are drawn
 By the Original of Humane Life.
 Sometimes in rough and undigested Plays,
 We meet with such a lucky Character,
 As being humour'd right, and well pursu'd,
 Succeeds much better than the shallow Verse
 And chiming Trifles of more studious Pens.
Greece had a Genius, *Greece* had Eloquence,
 For her Ambition and her End was Fame.
 Our *Roman* Youth are bred another way,
 And taught no Arts but those of Usury ;
 And the glad Father glories in his Child,
 When he can subdivide a Fraction.
 Can Souls, who by their Parents, from their Birth,
 Have been devoted thus to Rust and Gain,
 Be capable of High and Gen'rous Thoughts ?
 Can Verses writ by such an Author, live ?
 But you (brave Youth) wise *Numa's* worthy Heir,
 Remember of what weight your Judgment is,
 And never venture to commend a Book,
 That has not pass'd all Judges, and all Tests.
 A Poet should instruct, or please, or both.
 Let all your Precepts be succinct and clear,
 That ready Wits may comprehend them soon,
 And faithful Memories retain them long ;

For Superfluities are soon forgot.
Never be so conceited of your Parts,
To think you may persuade us what you please,
Or venture to bring in a Child alive,
That Canibals have murther'd and devour'd.
Old Age explodes all but Morality ;
Austerity offends aspiring Youths ;
But he that joins Instructions with Delight,
Profit with Pleasure, carries all the Votes :
These are the Volumes that enrich the Shops ;
These pass with Admiration thro' the World,
And bring their Author an eternal Fame.
Be not too rigidly censorious,
A String may jarr in the best Master's Hand,
And the most skilful Archer miss his Aim :
But in a Poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight Mistake,
Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuse ;
But he that hath been often told his Fault,
And still persists, is as impertinent
As a Musician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the same Note ;
When such a positive abandon'd Fop
(Among his numerous Absurdities)
Stumbles upon some Tolerable Line,
I fret to see them in such Company,
And wonder by what Magick they came there.
But in Long Works Sleep will sometimes surprize ;

Homer

Homer himself had been observ'd to nod.
Poems (like Pictures) are of diff'rent sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near ;
Some love the Dark, some chuse the clearest Light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing Eye ;
Some please for once, some will for ever please.
But *Piso* (tho' your own Experience,
Join'd with your Father's Precepts, make you wise)
Remember this as an important Truth ;
Some things admit of Mediocrity ;
A Counsellor, or Pleader at the Bar,
May want *Messala's* pow'rful Eloquence,
Or be less read than deep *Cassilius* ;
Yet this indiff'rent Lawyer is esteem'd :
But no Authority of Gods nor Men
Allow of any Mean in Poesy.
As an Ill Consort, and a Course Perfume,
Disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast,
And might with more Discretion have been spar'd ;
So Poesy, whose End is to delight,
Admits of no Degrees, but must be still
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
In other things, Men have some Reason left ;
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Despairing of Success, forbears to try ;
But all (without Consideration) write ;
Some thinking th' Omnipotence of Wealth
Can turn them into Poets when they please.

But *Piso*, you are of too quick a Sight,
Not to discern which way your Talent lies,
Or vainly struggle with your Genius ;
Yet if it ever be your Fate to write,
Let your Productions pass the Strictest Hands,
Mine, and the Fathers, and not see the Light,
'Till Time and Care hath ripen'd ev'ry Line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend ;
But Words once spoke, can never be recall'd.
Orpheus inspir'd by more than Humane Pow'r,
Did not (as Poets feign) tame Savage Beasts,
But Men, as lawless, and as wild as they,
And first dissuaded them from Rage and Blood.
Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
They feign'd the Stones obey'd his Magick Lute ;
Poets, the first Instructors of Mankind,
Brought all things to their proper native Use ;
Some they appropriated to the Gods,
And some to publick, some to private Ends ;
Promiscuous Love by Marriage was restrain'd,
Cities were built, and useful Laws were made ;
So ancient is the Pedigree of Verse,
And so divine a Poet's Function.
Then *Homer's* and *Tyrtæus* martial Muse
Waken'd the World, and sounded loud Alarms.
To Verse we owe the sacred Oracles,
And our best Precepts of Morality :
Some have by Verse obtain'd the Love of Kings

O

(Who,

(Who, with the Muses ease their weary'd Minds)
Then blush not, noble *Piso*, to protect
What Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.
Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
Others maintain that Nature makes them so:
I neither see what Art without a Vein,
Nor Wit without the Help of Art, can do;
But mutually they want each others Aid.
He that intends to gain th' *Olympick* Prize,
Must use himself to Hunger, Heat, and Cold,
Take leave of Wine, and the soft Joys of Love;
And no Musician dares pretend to Skill,
Without a great Expence of Time and Pains;
But ev'ry little busy Scribbler now
Swells with the Praises which he gives himself;
And taking sanctuary in the Crowd,
Braggs of his Impudence, and scorns to mend.
A Wealthy Poet takes more pains to hire
A Flatt'ring Audience, than poor Tradesmen do
To persuade Customers to buy their Goods:
'Tis hard to find a Man of great Estate,
That can distinguish Flatterers from Friends.
Never delude your self, nor read your Book
Before a Brih'd and Fawning Auditor;
For he'll commend, and feign an Extasy,
Grow pale to weep, do any thing to please;
True Friends appear less mov'd than Counterfeit;
As Men that truly grieve at Funerals,

Are

Are not so loud as those that cry for Hire,
Wife were the Kings, who never chose a Friend,
Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,
And seen the Bottom of his deepest Thoughts,
You cannot arm your self with too much Care
Against the Smiles of a designing Knave.
Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,
And with more Care supply the Vacancy;
But if he found you fond and obstinate
(And apter to defend, than mend your Faults)
With Silence leave you to admire your self,
And without Rival hug your darling Book,
The prudent Care of an impartial Friend
Will give you notice of each Idle Line;
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants Ornament,
Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obscure.
And, with a strict Enquiry, mark your Faults;
Nor for these Trifles fear to lose your Love.
Those things which now seem frippulous and slight,
Will be of serious Consequence to you,
Then they have made you once ridiculous.
A Mad Dog's Foam, th' Infection of the Plague,
And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,
We are not all more heedfully to shun,
Than Poetasters in their raging Fits,

Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys;
 But dreaded and proscib'd by Men of Sense.
 If in the raving of a frantick Muse,
 And minding more his Verses than his Way,
 Any of these should drop into a Well,
 Tho' he shou'd burst his Lungs to call for Help,
 No Creature wou'd assist or pity him,
 But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
 Hear how an old *Sicilian* Poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
 In a cold Fit leap'd into *Aëna's* Flames.
 Give Poets leave to make themselves away.
 Why should it be a Greater Sin to kill,
 Than to keep Men alive against their will?
 Nor was this Chance, but a delib'rate Choice;
 For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,
 He would be at his Frolick once again,
 And his Pretensions to Divinity.
 'Tis hard to say, whether for Sacrilege,
 Or Incest, or some more Unheard-of Crime,
 The Rhiming Fiend is sent into these Men;
 But they are all most visibly possess'd;
 And like a baited Bear, when he breaks loose,
 Without Distinction seize on all they meet;
 None ever escap'd that came within their reach;
 Sticking like Leeches, till they burst with Blood:
 Without Remorse insatiably they read,
 And never leave till they have read Men dead.

